

COLLEGE BASKETBALL ISSUE

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 27, 1978 \$1.25

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



EDITOR CARRY AT HOME ON THE RANGE

Senior Editor Peter Carry, who put together this week's college basketball package, remembers back when he was making those interminable road trips during four seasons on the pro basketball beat, and how he missed nothing so much as good home cooking. A gourmand as well as a gourmet, Carry has been cooking since he was 10, when he concocted a recipe for Spanish rice (featuring "big gobs of butter") that has become a family treasure. It is Carry the gourmand who admits, "I'm a popcorn freak. The only thing that got me through the Navy was Kool-Aid and popcorn. One reason I quit the pro basketball beat was that the arenas were starting to stink you with popcorn that had been made several days before and left sitting in bags. It tasted like papier-mâché."

When Carry became a full-time editor in 1974, he celebrated by purchasing a six-burner Garland restaurant range. The Nautilus, as Carry's wife Virginia calls it, occupies most of the kitchen in their apartment on Manhattan's Upper West Side. "People ask me if I drive it to work," Carry says. The answer is no, but it almost drove him out of the house. "When we installed the thing, we didn't correctly rig up the pan that drains off grease in the broiler. So when we cooked our first steak in the infernal machine, flames started shooting

out and we were standing there helplessly, throwing salt at it."

Having appeased the Nautilus, Carry now whips up almost all the dinners for Virginia and their two children, Jesse, 2, and Willy, seven months. "If I weren't an editor," Carry says, "I'd like to work in a restaurant, not as a chef but as a saucier. I love sauces, especially anything with cream in it. I would have cream sauces every night—if I didn't mind OD-ing on cholesterol."

Naturally, it was Carry who thought of asking the 10 sophomores pictured on pages 42-43 to pose in Lurwy's The Prime Rib, a restaurant in one of Chicago's old McCormick mansions. "They'd eaten in the same restaurant the night before," says reporter Roger Jackson, who, along with photographer Lane Stewart, handled the arrangements. "They seemed to like the food. Cliff Robinson of USC sat there for 10 minutes, head back, eyes to the ceiling. Finally he said, 'That was the best baked potato I've ever had.'"

While doing the story on Chicago's North Park College, reporter Steve Wulf ate at the celebrated Fanny's in Evanston, where little old ladies serve what is advertised as "the world's best spaghetti sauce" in a room that resembles a library, with great rows of books and darkly varnished oil paintings.

The dining experiences of others who contributed to the issue were less memorable. Staff writer Larry Keith took cover subject Earvin Johnson to a basic steak house, writer-reporter Nancy Williamson did a lot of her interviewing in the UCLA cafeteria; staff writer Kent Hannon, who hung out at Duke, fortunately is happy anywhere there are White Castle hamburgers.

It would be nice to report that Carry invited all of them to the Upper West Side for a Thanksgiving dinner of balutoline of turkey, en croule aux truffes, but he didn't. He had a long-standing invitation at his aunt's.

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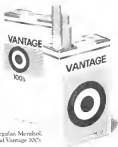
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VIEWPOINT

by JEANNETTE BRUCE

A BIRD LOVER HUNG OUT SOME SEED AND THE SQUIRRELS DROVE HER NUTS

Shortly before the venerable firm of Abercrombie & Fitch went out of business, I bought a bird feeder called the Droll Yankee at their Madison Avenue store. Designed to hold sunflower seeds, it is a long plastic cylinder with tiny porches under openings large enough for small birds only—chickadees, titmice, finches, nuthatches, etc.

"The best thing about this feeder," said A & F's smooth-talking salesman, "is that it's absolutely squirrelproof." May he stagnate at Macy's forever!

Besides the Droll Yankee, I had provided my birds with three standard feeders for mixed seeds. Two of them were attached to poles and one hung from the branch of a yew a few yards from the house. It was my first year in suburbia, and I was more intrigued than dismayed by the sight of squirrels shimmying up the poles and making flying leaps from branches into the tray of the hanging feeder. But last year, word having got around, there were too many squirrels. I estimated that every morning they emptied all four feeders in about 10 minutes flat. I tried luring them away by scattering peanuts across their erratic paths, but it was no go. The blue jays grabbed the peanuts while overhead the squirrels perfected their high-wire acts.

One big gray in particular worked on the knotty problem of the Droll Yankee, which hung from the branch of a maple outside my kitchen window. The gray was an acrobat, high diver and long jumper, a Flying Walenda among squirrels. His first few approaches to the Yankee were unsuccessful. He attempted to pull the feeder up to the branch but found it too heavy. Then he tried descending the rope head first, but the opening nearest the top of the Yankee remained just out of reach. Once he lost his grip on the rope and took a header into the snow. "Give it up, dummy," I chuckled from behind the window. He chattered at me furiously and kept on trying.

Finally, one morning I arose to discover that the feeder was almost empty, though I had filled it only the night before. I refilled it and waited. Before long I spotted Big Gray scampering in the branches overhead until he was poised directly over the Yankee. Cautiously descending the rope head legs first, he grasped the handle attached to the feeder's cover with the toes of his hind feet, and hung upside down. In this position, he could reach the three top openings. My birdseed bill doubled, then tripled.

continued



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VIEWPOINT continued

Well, enough is enough, so this past summer I decided to research the ways and means of discouraging squirrels, short of blowing their heads off with a .45, which is not my style. As I scoured bird books, catalogues and stores, I kept saying to myself, "I've got to be smarter than a squirrel." I think these long hours of research have paid off.

Most bird-feeding guides advise putting feeders on poles near trees for the birds' protection and, they might as well add, for the squirrels' convenience. This year I've erected my poles at least six feet from any cover. Better a well-fed bird winging it six feet than a protected bird starving, I've decided. Because some squirrels can jump 3½ feet from the ground and climb most poles with ease, standing feeders should be equipped with baffles or, better yet, smeared with a product, sold by nurseries, called Tanglefoot. It is a gooey substance that gardeners use in the spring to discourage caterpillars and other leaf-destroying bugs from climbing the trunks of young trees. Fortunately, squirrels are quite fastidious and will not dirty their paws with Tanglefoot. If, like me, you don't care to mess around with glop, the Audubon Society catalogue offers a "spooker pole" with a movable sleeve. When the squirrel tries to climb the pole, the sleeve slides down, making the animal lose its footing. Also available are weighted feeders with panels that close over the seed if anything heavier than a small bird lands in the tray. Unfortunately, both the spooker pole and the weighted feeder are relatively expensive. Spending a lot of money on paraphernalia doesn't prove that I'm smarter than a squirrel, just richer.

A fairly simple solution to a squirrel problem is set forth in *A Complete Guide to Bird Feeding* by John V. Dennis, who suggests, among other things, the use of old 12-inch photograph records, threaded on the rope holding a hanging feeder. Three records, a few inches apart, will act as overhead baffles. Even the most Olympian squirrel will have a hard time finding secure footing on a disk spinning in the wind. Dennis also suggests stretching a wire between two trees and hanging the feeder in the middle. Before attaching the wire to the trees, slip a 36-inch length of plastic tubing in segment of an old hose (will do) over both ends. Squirrels won't be able to get a grip on them.

So this year I think I have the problem licked. Autumn leaves have already fallen in a golden shower. Chickadees and other small birds are coming out of the woods. I'm ready. The feeders are up. There is so much bait wire stretched across the yard that a burglar could get decapitated five times before he reached the house. One or two squirrels have ventured out to ease the joint, and Big Gray is up there somewhere in the branches studying an old scratchy Beatles record of *A Hard Day's Night*. He doesn't know what to make of it all, but I'll bet he's thinking

END

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Shopwalk

by ANDY MEISLER

TOOBEE OR NOT TOOBEE? AY, THAT'S THE BURNING QUESTION IN CALIFORNIA

If you are into conversation and recycling, you'll be happy to hear that the hottest new sport in California consists of tossing around a Frisbee-like object called a Toobee, which is manufactured from old beer or soda cans. Properly thrown, the ingenious little aeroid can soar as far as 50 yards, curling in graceful arcs before wafting gently down into a receiver's hands. And because it's so light, the Toobee can be thrown indoors, bouncing more or less harmlessly off windows, lamps, pets and humans.

The Toobee looks precisely like what it is: a sawed-off section of a 12-ounce aluminum beverage can, complete with label. It was designed by two former General Electric engineers, Dale Klahn and Gary Upham, who spent three years experimenting with used cans, cutting them at different angles and testing each version to find the best gliders before discovering the Toobee formula. "What we've got here," Klahn says, "is a perfectly configured circular wing." To get used beer cans flying, the engineers removed the top and bottom from each container, sliced a 2,000-inch-long section from one end, then folded back the sharp edge to avoid cut fingers, and smoothed the rim. "The resulting seven-grain vehicle has its center of gravity right over its center of lift," explains Klahn. That, evidently, is what makes the Toobee soar.

Each Toobee comes with these basic instructions: "GRIP with the rim end forward. THROW overhead or sideways. SPIN the Toobee as it leaves your hand by rolling it off your fingers. Longest throw: aim low. Though the instructions are scanty, even the most uncoordinated should become adept at throwing one within half an hour. Alas, because of the Toobee's light weight, even a reprieve will affect its action. Indoor play is best on blustery days; the Toobee performing especially well in enclosed corridors, as witnessed by employees of the U.S. Patent Office in Washington. "They loved it," says Klahn, who expects a patent to be issued shortly.

Toobees can be found at some toy stores, or Klahn and Upham will fill mail orders (two for \$3) if you write Toobee Toys, Box 7181, Berkeley, Calif. 94707. You'll not only have fun with a Toobee, but in a small way, you'll also help recycle some potential roadside debris.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

BUM DOPE

One would expect that promoter Don King, whose so-called U.S. Boxing Championships got thrown off ABC last year as the result of a scandal involving rigged rankings and phony fight records, would be more careful with his cards. But that wasn't the case with a preliminary bout on the recent Las Vegas card King promoted featuring his WBC heavyweight champ, Larry Holmes, against Alfredo Evangelista. King's inattention to detail is opening a whole new can of worms.

The pre-fight, if fight it can be called, was between Scott LeDoux, a possible challenger for Holmes' WBC title, and an overblown middleweight named James Brannon, who was knocked out in two. One trouble is that Brannon's real name is James Brannon, and his record as a fighter by whatever name is dismal. Brown/Brannon's manager, Don White of Spartanburg, S.C., only makes the matter murkier by saying, "James Brannon four or five years ago was campaigning as a middleweight, then he grew into a heavyweight. James Brown is his ring name, and James Brannon is his real name. When we started over as a heavyweight, we just wiped that slate [Brown's and/or Brannon's record] clean. He has never fought under any name except James Brannon. What they put on posters, I don't know."

White claims that Brown/Brannon's record as a middleweight really is of no interest to promoters, but "he probably won about 10 and lost about 10." Brown/Brannon's record as a heavyweight, White claims, is nine wins and two defeats. Whatever the figures, the wins are inflated, according to knowledgeable boxing men. Indeed, a pal of White's reports that before the LeDoux fight, White said about Brown/Brannon, "He's never won a fight, but he almost won one." The pal also says that White remarked he was simply supplying "a body for LeDoux."

There's more. The Brown/Brannon

bout is part of a buildup LeDoux is getting. The previous month LeDoux knocked out a stiff named Sylvester Wilder, who was reported to have lost his last 26 straight. Even though the fight, which was held in Winnipeg, lasted only two rounds, the local promoter, Tom (Tex) Burns, had already snuck out the back door in embarrassment. Hal Sigurdson of the Winnipeg Free Press wrote, "Wilder's sole aim was to go into the tank as quickly as possible."

Only two weeks before Winnipeg, LeDoux drew with Bill Sharkey, who isn't highly regarded. Even so, the WBC, in its next rankings, rated LeDoux 10th among world heavyweights, one place ahead of Duane Bobuck, a non-King fighter who has beaten LeDoux twice.

The Brown/Brannon bout with LeDoux has also prompted talk in boxing circles about other King-connected heavyweights who are unusually esteemed by the WBC. Jimmy Young is ranked second, even though he hasn't won since September 1977, and has lost twice since then. The mind boggles at where the WBC would rank Young had he won a fight this year.

And then there is Lucien Rodriguez, the heavyweight champion of France, who is ranked seventh by the WBC, even though his main claim to fame is that he was stopped twice by Evangelista. Rodriguez was supposed to be an opponent for Ken Norton on the Holmes-Evangelista card, but ABC looked at his record and vetoed the idea. At the last minute ABC also decided not to tape the LeDoux-Brown fight because the network realized that Brown, who was represented by Don King Productions as having a 9-2 record, was really Brannon and "had no career wins."

STAR PROPERTIES

All that money from *Star Wars* is helping to burn a hole in the pocket of 20th Century-Fox. Last year Fox bought the Aspen Skiing Corp., and now the film company, which has \$136 million in cash

on hand, has a "definitive agreement" to acquire the Pebble Beach Corp. for \$72 million. Among other holdings Pebble Beach owns two of the three courses used in the Bing Crosby Pro-Am.

Fox is seeking to acquire even more sporting properties, or, as a spokesman puts it, "We are looking for other destination resort type companies."

SOCCER CLOCKERS

If soccer is ever to fulfill the destiny devotees in this country have staked out for the sport, it is going to have to stop hacking around. For example, Carleton College recently won the Midwestern Conference championship by defeating Knox College 3-2 after four 15-minute and five 5-minute overtime periods.

Then there are the girls' teams at Lake Placid High School and Peru Central School in upstate New York. During sectional play at Williston, N.Y., the Lake Placid Blue Bombers and the Indians bar-



tered for 72 minutes and reached a 0-0 impasse. Eleven extra periods were then played without a goal being scored. With darkness setting in, the two sides decided to wipe the slate clean and start fresh the next day with a new game.

Just to be on the safe side, regulation play began at noon. At the end of 72 minutes, the score was tied at 2-2. And so on. And so forth. For 13 more extra periods the two sides went at it, until finally, in the 14th overtime, Lake Placid senior Forward Meri-Jo Borziller scored the deciding goal. In fact, Meri-Jo scored all three of her team's goals in a game that lasted 269 minutes, the equivalent of four regulation games. The next day, exhausted Lake Placid lost the sectional championship to Williston High, 6-1.

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OLYMPUS

state independent school soccer championship. Sea Pines Academy and College Prep of Charleston battled for 11 overtime periods until Brian Moersch scored to give Sea Pines a 2-1 victory. The co-coach of Sea Pines is Roger Cawley, husband of Evonne Goolagong. She plays tennis, right? Which brings to mind Jimmy Van Allen, the master tinkerer who devised sudden death for tennis Jimmy, put your feverishly inventive mind to work. Soccer needs you.

AGAINST THE SPREAD

In the AFC, the best team to bet on is the Bills, while in the NFC it's the Bucs, Saints and Eagles. This won-lost list shows how NFL teams have fared against the point spread through the first 11 games of this season.

AFC

	W	L	T
Bills	8	2	1
Seahawks	7	3	1
Jets	6	5	0
Dolphins	6	5	0
Chiefs	6	5	0
Colts	6	5	0
Patriots	5	6	0
Chargers	5	6	0
Broncos	5	5	1
Browns	5	5	1
Oilers	4	6	1
Raiders	3	7	1
Steelers	3	7	1
Bengals	3	7	1

NFC

	W	L	T
Bucs	7	4	0
Saints	7	4	0
Eagles	7	4	0
Packers	6	5	0
Redskins	6	5	0
Giants	6	5	0
Vikings	6	5	0
Falcons	6	4	1
Bears	5	6	0
Lions	5	6	0
Rams	5	5	1
Cards	4	6	1
Cowboys	3	8	0
49ers	3	7	1

What the spread standings clearly show is that the Bills, 3 and 8 in the regular standings, are far better than bettors think and that the Cowboys, 7 and 4 in the regular standings, have been overrated. Of course these opinions have

probably changed by now. Even a sucker learns after a while.

BOOM MARKET

The stock market may be down, but the market for sporting collectibles, fueled by inflation, the declining dollar and a growing hunger for the past, is booming. Collectors and dealers are snapping up rare books, prints, decoys, shotguns and fly rods as though they were wheeling in pork-belly futures. A sampling of the market:

Books. "Prices have gone up 200% or 300% in some trade. Derrydale Press books, even higher in the deluxe editions," reports Colonel Henry A. Siegel of the Anglers' and Shooters' Bookshelf in Goshen, Conn. "The deluxe edition of Phaul's *Atlantic Salmon Fishing*, one of 40, sold for \$800 six or seven years ago. Now it's over \$4,000. More people are beginning to appreciate quality books as a hedge against the falling dollar. The Brits have been doing this for a much longer time because they had monetary problems before we did."

Guns. Jay Hansen of Hansen & Company in Southport, Conn., collecting editor for *Gun World*, says, "There has been a solid increase every year for the last 10 years, and I see no slacking off whatsoever. A Holland and Holland royal grade side by side, full detachable side-locks, 12-gauge, 26-inch barrels, pre-World War II, basically new condition, fetches about \$8,000 here or abroad, and that's double what it was five years ago."

"A very diversified group of people are doing the buying now, and many are not greatly interested in firearms per se but in marketable commodities. There are a lot more people who collect guns than you would think, but they don't like it known. In my town of 60,000, I know at least a dozen people who have 100 to 300 guns in their collection. A lot of show business people collect guns, primarily as an investment, but they don't want to talk about it. One who does talk a bit is Buddy Hackett, who collects Colts. Another is Mel Tormé."

Rods. "Within the past year, there has been a new groundswell of activity in the highest quality antique rods," says Martin Keane, a dealer in Bridgewater, Conn. "Last year, Bangor Leonard fly rods, made before 1881, sold for \$800 to \$1,200 each in normal condition. Now they're going for \$1,200 to \$2,400."

In the last year contemporary clas-

ses, such as those made by the late Everett Garrison, have moved from the \$700 to \$1,000 range, a bargain, as far as Keane is concerned. "In the entire collectible field—furniture, violins, watches, coins, stamps—a classic fishing rod is the only single commodity that you can buy for \$1,000 and have the best in the world."

A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY

A series of strange little ads appeared in New York newspapers last week for something called "Rent-A-Jogger." For only \$1.95, the ad promised, "Rent me and I will jog for you at least one mile each day (weather permitting) for the next year." Moreover, a customer gets a certificate suitable for framing, "attesting to the world that your jogger is securing for you the benefits of a healthful glow, extraordinary stamina, exciting muscle tone and a power-filled sense of total well-being."

Rent-A-Jogger is the idea of Harry Buonocore, a 45-year-old stockbroker from Queens, who is also the guy who runs for you. Believe it or not, within several days after the ads appeared, 322 people had sent in the \$1.95 fee, which more than paid for the ads. Buonocore isn't going to run 322 miles a day. He's going to keep running his mile a day, and say he's done it just for you. And why would anyone pay him \$1.95? Says Buonocore, "Bill Rodgers would cost a lot more."

JOCKETTA

The Steve Cauthen of Argentina is a gal. Her name is Marina Lezcano, and she stands 4' 11" and weighs 97 pounds. This season she rode Telescopio, a good but not a great horse, to victory in all four of Argentina's classics, an unprecedented feat. She capped the Quadruple Crown by winning the Carlos Pellegrini Gran Prix in Buenos Aires by 18 lengths.

Now 21, Marina grew up with a love of animals; at one time she had 62 dogs and 30 cats. She was at first barred from the jockey School of Apprentices because of a "no females" rule. Citing the case of a Brazilian girl who rode, she finally was accepted in 1974 and won her first race that year, an event for jockettas, or girl jockeys, only. The next year she began competing with male jockeys. Juan Bianchi, the trainer of Telescopio, says he chose Marina because "She has a hand of silk, and some horses need the soft handling of a woman."

END

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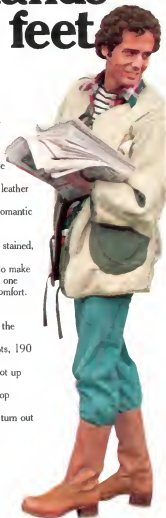
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CALL IT THE REDHEADED LEAGUE



The Atlantic Division of the NBA has a new-old glow, with Boston's fiery Cowens joining the coaching ranks and New York's intense Holzman re-upping

by JOHN PAPANEEK

Red Holzman and Dave Cowens. Two redheads. Together they would make the oddest couple—like George Burns and John Belushi. One is 58, the other 30. One is a stern old master, the other often acts like a latter-day Huckleberry Finn. But suddenly there was Holzman again kneeling on the sideline, clenching a rolled-up program, and there was Cowens motivating his teammates by example and by dictate.

First in New York. Sonny Werhlim Madison Square Garden's boss of bosses, finally grew tired of the egomaniacal blatherings of Knick Coach Willis Reed and gave Holzman another chance to teach the team's talented young rillionaires how to play winning basketball. Next in Boston, venerable General Manager Red Auerbach, acting with equal parts desperation and calculation, axed gentlemanly Celtic Coach Sam Sanders and shocked everyone by turning the team over to Cowens, onetime leave taker, tree grower, taxi driver, race-track PR man, snow shoveler and all-round eccentric to "knock some sleeping heads" on the lethargic Celtics. And both redheads made their bosses look good.

If Cowens' appointment was stunning, Reed's dismissal and Holzman's return seemed almost inevitable by comparison. Reed had had problems last year—his rookie year as a coach—in communicating with Knick nonconformists like Bob McAdoo, Spencer Haywood and rookie Ray Williams, but his deficiencies were excused because of his inexperience. Reed carried a chip on his shoulder, however, and after the season ended, he loudly reminded everyone that no team could be expected to win without a big center, such as he so conspicuously was in his glory days with the Knicks, and with all that money around, the Knicks just better get one—or else. Management accommodated him by acquiring Marvin Webster at great

In his debut a win against Denver, the coach went all out on the bench and under the basket. Joe





The Pearl returned, delighted with the change

REDHEADS continued

expense from Seattle. Reed also had another notion: that Earl Monroe, the veteran, magical guard, was nearly washed up. If he wouldn't take a \$175,000 pay cut and sit as fourth guard, who needed him? The Pearl figured he didn't need the Knicks under those terms and remained unsigned.

When New York got off to a 6-8 start this season playing the same helter-skelter, no-defense ball that had characterized it last year, Reed's job was in jeopardy. Moreover, in the midst of a backluster West Coast road trip, Reed publicly blamed management for not signing Monroe, and he demanded—through the newspapers—a vote of confidence. That was the last straw.

"I thought, 'Here he goes again,'" said Werblin, who promptly fired Reed. "It's not because of his record," Werblin said. "It's this 'We and They Syndrome.' I told Willis maybe a dozen times that we were all in this together, that he could not play himself against management and do his talking through the papers."

Re-enter Holzman, who a year and a half earlier had been treated like so much excess baggage. Having spent 13 years establishing himself as one of basketball's best minds, Holzman was told by the Knicks that the game had passed him by. It was said that he didn't "relate" to the younger players. He was made a "consultant" and was never consulted. But in the crunch, ever the company man, Holzman took the job again. "When the company needs you, you come back," he said. And so, very shortly thereafter, did Monroe.

The Knicks then went out and won

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER IOOSS JR.

four straight under Holzman. In so doing they held their opponents to an average of 97.8 points a game; under Reed this season the average was 114.6. And, with so much raw talent in their forward line—McAdoo, Webster, Haywood and Toby Knight—plus a young and gifted backcourt of Williams, Jim Clemons, rookie Michael Ray Richardson and the ever-wondrous Monroe, who is to say that Holzman won't be this year's Lenny Wilkens?

By a curious coincidence, Holzman's re-debut at Madison Square Garden two Saturdays ago was against the Celtics and thus witnessed by Auerbach and the Celtics' new co-owner, John Y. Brown. Boston's woeful performance that night and a 128-123 loss at home on Sunday to lowly Detroit left its record at 2-12, the worst start in Celtic history. Brown was at that one, too. Since Brown rarely attends Celtic games, his presence lent credence to the rumor of an imminent coaching change.

Sanders' problems had been intensified by a deal that Brown had negotiated without Auerbach's knowledge, bringing to Boston Tiny Archibald, Billy Knight and the perplexing Marvin Barnes, none of whom had ever played in anything resembling the Celtic system. Sanders was therefore forced to experiment; in the first 14 games he used eight different starting lineups involving 10 different players. To make room for Barnes, he moved Cowens from center to forward, where Cowens seemed to lose all his renowned intensity. In 30 minutes against the Knicks he had one rebound, and he had taken to doing most of his shooting from 20 feet. Archibald's style of play infuriated veteran Guard Jo Jo White, who wanted the ball, too. Meanwhile, Cedric (Cornbread) Maxwell, last year's outstanding rookie, was sharing playing time at small forward with Knight, who was recovering from knee surgery and had been a total disappointment.

After the Detroit loss, Brown and Auerbach huddled in Auerbach's office. The team had a six-game losing streak. Worse, attendance had sunk from 12,165 to 9,500 per game. Sanders would have to go. But who would replace him?

"I honestly had no idea," says Auerbach. "Where the hell do you get a coach now?" The last three Celtic coaches had all come from the "family," so speculation in the press ran toward John Havlicek, Bob Cousy, Laker GM Bill

Sharman, Assistant Coach K. C. Jones or even—was it possible?—the 61-year-old Auerbach himself.

Then on Monday morning, Auerbach brought Cowens into the discussion. "When things on a team are going bad," says Auerbach, "you bring in your key guy. See what he's thinking."

At 6:45 that evening Auerbach called his assistant, Jeff Cohen. "His voice was as excited as I've ever heard it," says Cohen.

"Call the players. Change practice. Call a press conference for tomorrow," said Auerbach breathlessly. "Guess what I've done?"

Cohen's heart skipped several beats. "Red? You're making a comeback?"

"I'll give you a hit in the head. Now guess what I've done?"

Cohen couldn't guess.

"I just made Dave Cowens coach."

"Red used to be known for making the bold move," says Cohen. "Maybe we haven't done that the past couple of years. Maybe we became too much in the other teams' molds. After all, we are the Celtics. We used to have the feeling that we had this leprechaun sitting on the backboard, knocking away the other teams' shots and helping our own. Well, the last couple of years he's been working for the other team. We've got to get him back."

Cowens? A leprechaun? Over the years the man-child has had enough difficulty, it seemed, being responsible for himself. Had Red lost his senses? "With a record like ours you don't go around joking," says Auerbach. "Does anybody think I would joke around with the Celtics?" Not really.

This is how, on Nov. 13, 1978, David W. Cowens became the seventh coach in the 31st year of the Celtics.

"Red called me in to talk about the team with him and John Y.," says Cowens. "I told them exactly what I thought was wrong. What was wrong with our practices, our discipline, certain players, how we played certain teams, things that Satch ought to do and ought not to do. They didn't tell me he'd been fired."

"From the way you talk," Brown mused, "maybe you want to be the coach."

"Well, hell. Why would I want to coach?" said Cowens half to himself. Auerbach insists that Brown's line was pure throwaway, but as soon as it had been uttered, Cowens pounced on it.

"David's eyes lit up," said Brown later. "I could see he loved the idea."

"I noticed it too," said Auerbach. "His eyes were like pinwheels."

Cowens said to Auerbach, "When I came in here, you didn't intend to ask me to coach, did you?"

Auerbach nearly choked on his cigar. "No," he said. By this time Cowens had been told that Sanders was gone. He said he needed time to think the offer over and bolted from the office.

"I had never for a minute thought of Cowens as a coach," Auerbach said later. "He was the fast guy. I always thought when his playing days were over he'd get in his truck and go cut down Christmas trees. But then I started thinking about his personality. He doesn't like losing one bit more than I do."

Some other positive thoughts came to Auerbach's mind. Cowens had run a successful basketball camp for seven years. Last April he married Debbie Cmaylo, a strong, intelligent woman with a master's degree in child psychology. He had given up his apartment above a Wellesley toy store and was now living in a conventional house in Needham. His discussion of the team had showed intelligence and concern.

"I know that anything he's ever put his mind to do, he's done," says Auerbach. "So I'm thinking, when I quit as coach I had to have somebody who could motivate Bill Russell, so I hired Bill Russell. Now I have to have somebody who can motivate Dave Cowens. Why not Dave Cowens?"

At 5 p.m. Cowens came back to see Auerbach and Brown.

"I'd rather play for me than for someone outside the organization," said Cowens.

Brown nodded at Auerbach. "Then you're the coach," said Auerbach.

The next day in his office, sucking on a cigar and clearly pleased with himself, Auerbach took another in an endless string of phone calls from his "old guys." Russell had called, and so had Cousy. Now he had Frank Ramsey on the line. "Yeah . . ." Auerbach was saying. "How about that?" . . . Yeah, we've gotten a lot of publicity from it, a lot of ink. A lot of times attitudes can win more games than anything else. He'll knock some sleeping heads off if he has to."

Meanwhile Coach Cowens was conducting his first practice in preparation for Friday night's game against Denver.

There was no joking or goofing off—not with Cowens running and working harder than he had all season, and harder than anyone else. Jones and Bob MacKinnon, the assistant coaches, did their best to help, constantly looking at Cowens to be sure of not overstepping their authority. During lulls, Cowens would sprawl in a corner with selected players—Archibald, Barnes, Maxwell—to discuss their roles and listen to suggestions. After practice, Auerbach gave his protégé a 20-minute lecture on coaching.

"Put it in the paper that Dave Cowens has given Marvin Barnes blisters," said Barnes, now the backup center, because the coach was returning Cowens to his rightful center spot.

Arriving at the Garden two hours before game time on Friday, Cowens was all business. He diagramed some Denver plays on the locker-room blackboard, and scribbled a series of numbers down one side. "Secret code," he said. "Get these guys' minds working." He joked that he had spent the afternoon reading a "How to Coach" article in *Jet* magazine, but when it came time to start the game he said, "Let's just go out and play hard tonight, bust some butts." And that was it.

For one night, it was like watching the old Celtics winning a seventh playoff game. There were 14,636 people in Boston Garden, the largest crowd since opening night. In the first five minutes, Cowens totally unleashed himself for the first time all season, ripping down five rebounds, making two spectacular outlet passes for potent Celtic fast breaks, two baskets and a steal. Everybody picked up on his act and the Celtics blew out to a

71-60 halftime lead, expanding it to 98-78 near the end of the third quarter.

Once Cowens was chastised by Referee Darell Garretson for huddling his team at midcourt before a free throw—"Excuse me," said the coach—and at times he was trying to handle non-priority things like time-outs and substitutions while on the floor. Then MacKinnon and Jones gently reminded him that those were their responsibilities, as per Cowens' order.

In the fourth quarter, Denver began to close the gap, with David Thompson (33 points) and 5'11" Robert Smith doing the damage. Now the Celtics were running by committee, with everybody from Barnes to Maxwell to Knight to Trainer Frank Challant making puncky suggestions, and Cowens struggling to deal with them all. With 1:16 left, the Nuggets had closed to within two, 116-114. Forty-eight seconds later, with the Celtics up 120-116, Cowens fouled out after a 17-point, 12-rebound performance. He stomped to the bench, wrapped a towel tightly around his face and screamed obscenities, but unwrapped it in time to see his team hold on for a 120-118 win.

Player Cowens frequently couldn't face the press, he'd be so wound up after a game. But Coach Cowens endured a stifling crush in the coach's cubicle, giving coachlike answers to reporters' questions until the accumulated strain finally got to him and he nearly passed out. Later, sitting in front of his locker after everyone had left, he said, shaking his head, "Who ever would have thought it? Me, the coach."

END

In charge: Hyatt has the Knicks playing the good D he is renowned for and wearing four in a row



THESE TROJANS DIDN'T HORSE AROUND

One thing about Hollywood, when it gets its hands on a good story line you can be sure it will be repeated from here to eternity. As a consequence, everyone knew what to expect in last Saturday's revival of the annual pre-Thanksgiving extravaganza that features USC and UCLA battling for the league championship. Also at stake was a certain ancillary right for the winner, to wit, a Rose Bowl berth.

Thus, as the final minutes of the game ticked away, the crowd of 90,387 in the Coliseum, and everyone at home tuned in on TV, leaned forward knowing that the script called for a dramatic finish—an interception, a long touchdown pass, a dazzling run. The suspicion is that a secret codicil to the Los Angeles city charter requires that the USC-UCLA game has to end on a spine-tingling note, as it did last year when USC won with a 38-yard field goal two seconds before the credits were rolled.

In the 48th game of the series, favored USC struck early and almost turned the contest into a rout, but UCLA came back to trail by only 17-10 with 5:10 remaining. The Trojans had the ball on their own 20 following the kickoff, but they had been stalled the whole second half and the script plainly demanded that they would be stopped once more. Whereupon UCLA would take over and, zingo, a spectacular Bruin drive would unfold, the only question being whether it would result in a touchdown.

What the fans got instead was a sunset seminar of power-I ball control featuring USC Tailback Charles White. The crisis point came with 1:24 left, USC in possession on its 47, third down and six to go. The ball went to White for the 32nd time, and he raced around the left side for 11 yards and a first down. The Trojans then ran out the clock and left the field clutching big bouquets of roses. Since 1967 the two teams have met seven times with the right to go to the Rose Bowl hanging on the outcome, and the Trojans have won each time. Like they say, it plays well.

It so happens that the 11 yards White gained on that key play also shot him past Anthony Davis to become the leading rusher in USC—and PCC, AAWU,

Relying on power, not guile, USC won the right to go to the Rose Bowl by running roughshod over UCLA and bottling up the Bruin backs by JOE JARES

Pac-8 and Pac-10 conference history—as a junior.

The warmups for this year's game maintained the same high level of non-sense as in the past. There were all the pranks and insults and hoopla that help Angelenos forget the Skid Row stabber or whatever fiend might currently be afflicting the town. The staffs of the *Daily Bruin* and *Daily Trojan* played the latest version of a flag-football classic called the Blood Bowl, won this time by the *Daily Bruin*, and published parodies of

each other's sheets. At a Coliseum-area coffee shop, a waiter lifted his apron to show off a button pinned to his belt proclaiming GOD IS A TROJAN. Outside the Coliseum, button connoisseurs wandered among the picnickers and tailgaters and sighted some hoary—and usually obscene—standbys.

If Trojan Coach John Robinson had sported a button it would have stated SPEED KILLS. Robinson rates UCLA Halfback James Owens, the 1977 NCAA and AAU high hurdles champion, as the fast-

Ty Spiering (63) and Charlie Moses (55) pressured Rick Bashore with a ground and air attack.



est football player he has ever seen Owens is always a threat to escalate a kickoff return or a dive play into a touchdown. Robinson's strategy was to shut off the possibility of a long return by having Frank Jordan kick off—a new role for the fellow who kicked the game-winning field goal in '77. It paid off: Jordan, who has proved his accuracy by kicking 22 field goals in 33 attempts in 1977 and '78, kicked the ball away from Owens all afternoon.

For his part, UCLA Coach Terry Donahue worried about his defense being "stretched"—trying to stop USC's rushing attack, which features White and Fullback Lynn Cain, in the same time it was trying to shut down the passing of Quarterback Paul McDonald.

Jordan's 21-yard field goal gave USC a 3-0 lead in the first quarter, and Trojan fans felt that was a particularly good sign because 1) the Trojans usually spot their foes a few points and 2) they go wild in the second quarter, having out-

scored opponents 18-0 in that period this season.

It was no different Saturday as McDonald threw touchdown passes to Calvin Sweeney and Kevin Williams in the second quarter to give USC a 17-0 half-time lead. On the first one, a 36-yarder, McDonald used what the Trojan staff calls a "check with me." He called two plays in the huddle, then announced in code at the line of scrimmage which one he was going to use.

"I saw that they were playing man-to-man in the secondary," McDonald said, "and probably were coming with a blitz, so why not go for it and go for the big score?"

The second pass came on a play put in especially for the game—nothing very tricky, just something USC used to keep from being too predictable. McDonald started to roll out to his right, then stopped and hit Williams crossing right to left in the end zone. Previously, Williams had always gone to the right corner on that play.

UCLA's fine pair of runners, Owens and Theotis Brown, who had a pinched nerve in his neck, were stopped cold by the Trojan defensive line, and in fact, the good-run no-pass Bruins never did keep a drive going, gaining only 118 yards rushing but losing 56 for a meagre net of 62 yards. And when they finally got a break in the third quarter, they blew it.

After recovering a Cain fumble on the USC six, UCLA fought to a third and goal on the two. Owens then holed in, only to have the touchdown nullified by a man-in-motion penalty. And if that hadn't halted the Bruins, something else would have—they had 12 men on the field, including two split ends, when Owens crossed the goal line. UCLA settled for Peter Boermeester's 22-yard field goal to make the score 17-3.

The botch-up perhaps cost UCLA a tie or a victory, because in the fourth quarter Quarterback Rick Bashore, who is 12th in Pac-10 passing, connected with Severn Reese on an 81-yard touchdown play. Boermeester's PAT made it 17-10 and UCLA seemed to have plenty of time to score again with another lightning bolt. Bashore and his offensive teammates anxiously waited on the sideline "to get the ball back and get our clock options going." But they never got possession after kicking off. White was the half-catcher on eight of the next nine plays, seven of them in a row. Behind deter-



The outcome had Jeff Simmons smiling with roses.

mined blocking it was student body right ("28 pitch"), a burst up the middle, student body left—and then that third-down 11-yard run around the left side that set the records and clinched USC's 22nd Rose Bowl appearance.

"When you've got a guy like that, why not go to him?" said McDonald. "He'll get the yards for you and doesn't make many mistakes."

White finished with 145 yards on 33 carries to give him a career total of 3,739. McDonald hit seven of 10 passes for 97 yards and two touchdowns, and he now has not thrown an interception in his last 94 passes. As an assistant and head coach at USC, Robinson hasn't lost to UCLA in six games. The defense allowed but nine first downs, and one of those came on a penalty.

Too bad the Trojans can't sit back and savor all those impressive stats. But after consecutive tough games against California, Stanford, Washington and UCLA, who should USC have to play this Saturday but old rival Notre Dame, winner of eight straight.

Mention of the Irish seemed to excite Robinson more than worry him. He has convinced himself and his players that grappling on the grass weekend after weekend with the likes of Alabama and Notre Dame is more fun than being a weevil in a cracker barrel.

"Many people said, 'Hey, you can't make it through that schedule.' They say our schedule's a man-killer. Well, we've got some men that it couldn't kill." Besides the Notre Dame game and a season-closing laughter against Hawaii gave the Trojans something to do until the Second Season begins and ends in Pasadena on Jan. 1.

END





Playing as well as—if not better than—ever, Evert breezed through the week without losing a set

CHRIS HAS HER NUMBER

Navratilova was No. 1, Evert was No. 2, so Chris figured if she beat Martina in the Colgate she would be No. 1. She did. She is **by SARAH PILEGGI**

Two facts were demonstrated last week during the Colgate Series Championships at Mission Hills in Southern California. One is that Chris Evert is not yet ready to settle for second place. The other is that it takes more than money to make a tennis tournament.

Evert and Martina Navratilova arrived in Palm Springs separated by only 486 of a point in the latest 1978 computer rankings of women players. Navratilova was No. 1 on the basis of her 11 wins, including Wimbledon and the Virginia

Sims Championship, and her 2-1 record against Evert in their head-to-head meetings. Since winning the U.S. Open in September, however, Evert seemed to have regained the form and confidence she had temporarily lost by taking a four-month rest last winter. She had won two of the three tournaments she had entered since September.

If, Chrissie reasoned, she were to win the Colgate, she and Martina would have two major titles apiece, and their head-to-head record would be 2-2, but

she, Evert, would be No. 1 because she had lost only to Evonne Goolagong (in the Sims of Boston) and to Martina (at Eastbourne and Wimbledon), whereas Martina had some "bad losses" on her record, meaning defeats at the hands of lesser players, namely Regina Masikova, Pam Shriver, JoAnne Russell and Tracy Austin.

Early in the week of the Colgate, Evert said, "If I win, I'm No. 1. If Martina wins, she's No. 1. If Virginia Wade wins, everything's all mixed up."

"Well, there you have it," said Wade dryly. "If Chris Evert says it, it must be so." On the eve of the final, Navratilova said, "If I lose to Chris, I won't feel I'm No. 1. But I won't feel I'm No. 2 either. One and a half maybe."

So, with more than mere money riding on the outcome, the best eight players in the world, minus Goolagong—the latest in a frustrating string of injuries forced her to withdraw—got to work. Each day they would practice in brilliant desert sunshine at Palm Springs' posh Tennis Club, where they were quartered, or at Colgate's Mission Hills Country Club, some 15 miles away. And each afternoon, after the sun had dropped out of sight behind the San Jacinto Mountains and the temperatures on the desert floor had dropped as well, they would play their matches in the frigid air, wearing precious little, observed by a few hundred tennis fans wrapped in their blue noses in blankets, parkas and minks.

The tournament format, which looked on paper like a diagram of the molecular structure of an atom, was a double-elimination round robin for two rounds, leading to the semifinals, in which the top half of the draw, the red group, and the bottom half, the blue, were to mingle and produce finalists.

Unfortunately for the frozen fans who could have used some excitement, all went pretty much according to form. Evert and Navratilova advanced directly to the semifinals with two easy wins apiece. Wade and Virginia Ruzici (pronounced Roo-zeechi, the leggy Romanian with the fearsome forehead, each had one loss—Wade to Martina and Ruzici to Chris—but, under the format, advanced anyway.

In the semis, Evert caught Wade on a bad night and dispatched her 6-2, 6-2, in a match that was even more one-sided than the score shows. Evert and Wade have had some great matches because

Evert's play often responds to the intensity of Wade's. Their match last year at Mission Hills was one of the best of the tournament. But three weeks ago in the Wigham Cup, Evert beat Wade 6-0, 6-1 in a match Evert feels was one of the best of her life. She tapes her right wrist these days, not because it is injured but because it was taped when she played Wade that day. "It's kind of a psych now," she explained.

The other semifinal match, Navratilova against Ruzici, was only a little better. Both are exciting players when they are going well, but neither was particularly sharp. Martina won 6-4, 6-4 after breaking Ruzici's serve at 5-4 in each set, but her timing was off and her play was patchy. "Virginia hits her forehand 200 mph," said Martina, "and then she hits her backhand very softly. It's hard to get into any sort of pace against her."

Ruzici is a dark-haired, dark-eyed 23-year-old from Bucharest who has been playing in the U.S. for four years. In that time her ranking has risen from 112th to 13th. She hit her stride in Europe this summer, winning the French Open and making the finals of the German and Italian Opens. She announced that making the semifinals at Mission Hills was her goal, and when she had done that and then had lost to Navratilova she said, "I am satisfied."

Going into the final, Evert was calm and confident. She was fresh and she was playing well, whereas Navratilova, worn out by mid-September, had taken four weeks off to rest and was still getting her game back into shape. Evert had said a few weeks ago, "I think I could live with being No. 2," but her intensity the night before the final made it clear she had no intention of experimenting yet. When asked at a press conference if she felt she had something to prove against Navratilova, the usually patient Evert snapped, "I have nothing to prove to you people."

Money was certainly not an issue. In any other sport a \$250,000 purse with \$75,000 for the winner would energize the field right down to its socks. But in tennis, money is given away in such obscene bundles that although the Colgate purse is the largest of the year, bigger than the Open, bigger than Wimbledon, it was still a bit of a yawn because Colgate distributed \$675,000 in bonus money the night before the tournament began.

The Mission Hills event was only one of the pots of gold at the end of the 28-tournament Colgate rainbow. The series began last November in Australia and included all the year's important events. Players accumulated points, just as in the men's Grand Prix, based on who, how and where they played. Only the eight players with the highest totals in the 28 designated tournaments, as well as the top four doubles teams, were entitled to play at Mission Hills, but the \$675,000 bonus pool was disbursed down to 35th place for singles and 20th for doubles. Evert received \$100,000 for finishing first. Wade got \$65,000 for second and Ilana Kloss, No. 35, was given \$3,000. Kloss was also ninth in doubles and earned \$5,400 more for that.

In other words, if one were handed a check for \$100,000 on Monday, one would probably not be excessively motivated by the prospect of another \$75,000 five days later. Evert was not.

The final was played on Saturday and, for the sake of television, in the middle of the day. A drum and bugle corps from Twentynine Palms produced a few mildly martial airs, and balloons rose in the crystalline desert air as tennis players from eight countries, Evert the lone American among them, filed onto the stadium court. It was a perfect day for tennis, or almost anything else you can name.

Unfortunately the tennis did not measure up to the day. Evert was playing well and moving well, and when she moves well, as she said later, "I can lift my game to another level." But Navratilova couldn't get anything going. Her timing was off, badly in the first set. She would hit unsure drop shots and then appear to be off balance, as if she did not know what to do next. Her instinctive athletic grace was missing. Evert broke her serve in the sixth game and took the set 6-3.

Navratilova played better in the second set, but so did Evert. Martina won the first game but blew good chances to break Chris in the second and fourth and was broken, herself, in the third. "I had my chance," Navratilova said afterward, "When I was

down 3-1 I should have been up 4-0. When I could get going it was too late."

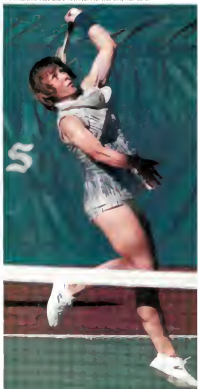
By the fifth game Evert was hitting with authority, and despite the fact that Navratilova was able to break her twice, in the sixth and eighth, it was too late and Chris closed it out at 6-3 again.

"I could sense she wasn't in a winning mood," said Evert. "It's tough to have a major tournament at the end of the year. I saw it in Virginia Wade last night, too. I could sense that Martina was not willing to stay out there all day if necessary to win. I was willing to do that."

Such willingness is the quality that has always set Chris Evert apart. Noting that their schedules for next year are arranged so that they will meet at least six times, Martina, No. 1½, said, "It gets me tired just thinking about it."

END

Martina, who says she's now No. 1½, was only half sure.





WHERE HAVE ALL THE FISHES GONE?

Florida Bay, which is situated between the tip of the Florida mainland and the Keys, was once one of the most productive sport-fishing grounds in the western hemisphere. Now it is teetering on the edge of ecological disaster. Indeed, it may already have begun an irretrievable slide. Over the past five years, and increasingly over the last two, the lure-gobbling schools of red drum, sea trout, snook and ladyfish that once made the Bay's fringed banks and flats a sure thing for anglers at every level of skill have dwindled. Tarpon are still fairly abundant, but for the most part only during their spring migration, and the remaining bonefish are found

far from their traditional grounds. Ten or 20 years ago, a sport-fishing guide had only to run five minutes out of Islamorada, the famed fishing port located approximately halfway between Miami and Key West, to get into schools of all sorts. Now it takes a run of an hour or even more.

The problem is particularly acute in Everglades National Park, which bounds Florida Bay on the north. The park is a 2,100-square-mile reach of wet saw-grass prairies, hardwood hammocks, mangrove swamps and brackish estuaries that control the fate of all wildlife—terrestrial, avian or marine—in South Florida. The estuaries of the park are nurseries for

nearly every game fish in the Bay. They are at the heart of the elaborate, fragile food chains in the Glades, whose final links are such species as the bald eagle, the tiny Key white-tail deer and alligators. We had come to the park to see what was wrong.

"Here's one problem that nobody has explained yet," said Hank Brown, a fishing guide from Islamorada, slowing his skiff to a halt in three feet of water. Rick Ruoff, another Islamorada guide, stopped his skiff as well. We had been running over healthy turtle grass, the hideaway and home for hundreds of marine invertebrates on which many fish feed. The green, undulating bottom now gave way

ent in here at \$125 a day and he wants to catch fish. At the rate things are going, pretty soon all we'll have are bird watchers. And then the birds will go, too, with no fish to sustain them."

Ruoff, 30, studied biology at the University of Miami and is co-treasurer of the Islamorada Fishing Guides Association, of which Brown is secretary. Their 2-year-old organization, to which 50 of Islamorada's 60 or so licensed guides belong, was formed to put pressure on government agencies in hopes of bringing the fishing back to normal. Ruoff, Brown and many of the guides are also members of the Everglades Protection Association, which was founded last February. The EPA membership includes such top saltwater fly-fishermen as Billy Pate, Bob Delere, Carl Navarre, Lefty Kreh, Stu Apte and Jim Lopez. Pate, 48, who is chairman of the EPA's board of directors, was fishing with Brown this day, along with Hercules Paul Zagoras, a Chicago-area attorney and sportsman. I was fishing with Ruoff.

"Salinity is certainly the basic problem," said Pate in his soft Carolina drawl. "Or to put it more pointedly, a lack of fresh water through the Glades."

Park Superintendent John Good and Davis, the biologist, agree with the sport fishermen that water balance is indeed the root of the problem. But it is a tough, gnarled root to cut. Basically what has happened over the past 75 years, and most rapidly in the past 20, is that the normal freshwater flow into the Everglades and through them into Florida Bay has been diverted—through flood-control projects and freshwater supply systems—to the heavily populated areas between Palm Beach and Miami and to the west coast of Florida, from Fort Myers to Naples. Irrigation projects for farming areas have further depleted the freshwater supply.

Before South Florida began to develop as a resort region and, later, as a second home for hordes of sun-loving Americans, the fresh water of central Florida drained down the Kissimmee River into Lake Okechobee, then slid slowly southward and into the Everglades, which were known to the Seminole Indians as Pa-hay-okee—The River of Grass. Fresh water ranging in depth from a few inches

to no more than four or five feet crept southward to Florida Bay, soaking the root systems of the ubiquitous saw grass and recharging the Biscayne Aquifer, a highly porous bed of limestone 110 feet deep, which is the only barrier against saltwater infiltration of the mainland.

Because salt water is heavier than fresh, the fresh water stayed near the surface, sustaining the Everglades' abundant—and in some cases unique—forms of life. When the saw grass died seasonally, it compacted on the bottom, rotted and built up a covering layer of muck that in some spots was 13 feet deep. With the gradual drying of the Glades, fires that in the old days merely helped to recycle saw-grass nutrients into the system now began to burn exposed roots as well. The saw-grass infernos of the early 1970s, following Florida's worst drought in history, actually burned into the muck, just as fire will burn a peat bog. Because highly organic soil oxidizes at a rate of about an inch a year when it is exposed to the air, the Everglades could in time become a bare, dead coral reef. The thickest layer of muck is now only seven feet deep.

The effect on fish life has been devastating. Many species, such as tarpon and snook, spawn only in brackish water. Among most species common in the area, juvenile fish can tolerate "sweeter" water than can adults. And because most fish are cannibalistic, the brackish estuaries provide a haven for the young, keeping out older fish that would gobble up even their own young.

The National Park Service recognizes the water-shortage problem. In reply to a letter from U.S. Representative Dante B. Fascell of Miami last February, the Park Service's Southeast regional director, Joe Brown, wrote, "Changes in the management of fresh water in southern Florida over the past 20 years apparently have destroyed the low-salinity estuarine nurseries that once supported local fisheries. These areas are now yielding fewer—but generally larger—game fish." Clearly, the big fish have invaded the once sacrosanct nurseries, and are consuming more offspring than they did in the past.

Another factor pointed out by Davis is that South Florida is long overdue for

continued

by ROBERT F. JONES

Once fertile, the shallow waters of Florida Bay are now nearly barren of game fish, which have been driven away by high salinity or throttled in commercial gill nets

to a patchy stretch of brown, dead vegetation. In these patches the only touch of green was a slimy fungus clinging to the withered clumps of grass. It looked like a submarine lawn that had been invaded by chinch bugs.

The normal salinity in these flats is about 37 parts per thousand. Now it's up to 42 or 44. "I asked Gary Davis, the park's marine biologist, to look into the problem two months ago. He said he'd get right back to me but I haven't heard a word yet," Brown said.

Even where the turtle grass is healthy, there is a paucity of fish. "It's gotten so bad," Ruoff said, "that I've been boning up on my bird watching. You bring a cli-

a hurricane. "This region usually gets hit by a tropical storm or hurricane once every five to seven years," he says. "The last big blow we had here was Betsy, in 1965." A hurricane flushes the system in a somewhat heavy-handed way. A great volume of rain falls, replenishing the marl and, to some degree, the aquifer. The nutrients that have been locked in place on the bottom and in the mudbanks are washed out, mixed and recycled throughout the system. Still, a hurricane is a high

price to pay for what would only be temporary relief.

One measure that should help reduce some of the park's salinity is already in the works. Next year the Army Corps of Engineers will plug the Buttonwood Canal, a cut made in 1922 to join the saline waters of Florida Bay with the brackish-to-fresh waters of Coot Bay and Whitewater Bay, two inland bodies of water near the west coast. The result of hacking this six-foot-deep-by-80-foot-wide shortcut has been high salinity in Coot Bay and lesser but substantial salinity in the vast reach of Whitewater Bay. In the 1979 federal budget \$1.3 million has been allocated for the plugging operation.

"Plugging the Buttonwood should restore Coot Bay and Whitewater as nurseries," says Ruoff, "but the main benefit will be in the waters west of Cape Sable, out in the Gulf, which doesn't do too much good. It's the areas east of the cape that are suffering most from excess salinity. There's been talk of putting in a pumping station at Taylor Slough, east of the bird area, and shunting excess fresh water into Florida Bay rather than dumping it into the Atlantic. But that's still in the talking stages."

A storm cloud was now building to the west, growing larger, blacker and more ominous by the minute. That stifling, dead-quiet heat that precedes rain in the tropics was nearing a climax. "We've got an hour or two before it hits," said Hank Brown, squinting to

the westward. "Then she'll cut loose—blessed sweet rainwater. Let's head on into Madeira Bay and see what we can hook up with." The guides fired up their motors and she skinned into a shallow cut that allows access to the nearly perfect oval of Madeira Bay, an inlet of Florida Bay. Inside, the water went from gin-clear to mocha-brown in a skiff length, the indication of streams feeding into the Bay from the mainland. It is the food from these streams—microorganisms that draw mullet, crustaceans that attract baitfish, tarpon and other game fish—that still makes Madeira productive for the angler.

Mullet were mudding in a vast, beige fan near the outlet of one of the streams. Bottom feeders, they stir the muck to suck up microorganisms. In the process they frighten shrimp, crabs and other bottom dwellers on which red drum, sea trout, sheepshead, bonefish and channel bass like to feed. The mullet in this part of Florida Bay are primarily of the silver variety, a smaller species than the black mullet, which go up to two pounds. Because of their small size (three-quarters of a pound is average) and inferior eating quality, silver mullet are sold mainly for bait, while the black mullet, most common on Florida's west coast, are used for food.

"Apart from the salinity problem," said Brown, "there's the question of the commercial netters. When the park opened back in 1947, there were only about 15 or 20 men fishing this area commercially. They were tough old back-country guys whose families had been hacking a living out of the Glades since the days of the Seminole Wars. I've been told that the first park superintendent promised to let them keep fishing but that no new permits would be issued. We've checked all the records for that time but we can't find such a promise in writing."

"Anyway, what's happened is that the park is still issuing permits—more and more of them in the past two years. Right now we figure there are 181 commercial netters working the park waters under permit. In the two years since John Good was made superintendent, netting permits for the park have gone up by 67.6%. At the same time, the mullet catch is taking a nose dive—from 1,436,560 pounds in 1975 to 387,000 pounds last year."

"Sport fishing has fallen off, in our experience, by the same degree. I've worked these flats and banks all day, look-

continued



Despite the delft poing of Guide Hank Brown, Billy Pate succeeded in hooking up with only a few sea trout on an afternoon in Madeira Bay.



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ing for mullet mud and the fish that will feed in it along with the mullet. Then when I finally find them, a commercial boat wheels up and sets its net—bang, just like that. You can bet your boots that plenty of redfish, snook, bonefish and the young of many species get taken in that gill net, all of them gilled out, killed, along with the mullet."

The netters work the whole park. Captain Andy McLean, a sport-fishing guide out of Everglades City west of the park, has kept catch records for more than a quarter of a century. From 1957 to 1966 his clients averaged 5.9 snook per day. From 1967 to 1976 the take was 2.7, and McLean says the past two seasons have been disastrous—"hardly worth going out for snook."

Last February the guides' association circulated a petition asking for a moratorium on netting in the park until a thorough study of the fishery could be made. They got 4,700 signatures in a few days and presented the petition to Good at an emotion-charged meeting at Islamorada's Cheeca Lodge. Good and Davis ultimately agreed to undertake a Florida Bay fishery management assessment (in other words, a hard look at the problem) and in August, Good declared a temporary moratorium on the issuance of new netting permits. For netters, who had licenses, it was business as usual. The guides were angry at the half-measure, and Brown wrote a letter to Good saying, "To be completely honest with you, we would have much preferred to see a moratorium placed on all netting in the park until the assessment is complete, due to, as you mentioned, the seriousness of the situation."

Davis, however, feels that the netting is only a minor factor, if any. He believes the main problem is increased salinity. "The assessment isn't complete yet," he says, "but I don't think it will show that mullet are being overharvested. Why, at the time that the mullet take has been declining, the commercial catch of pompano within the park boundaries has risen from 100 pounds in 1973 to 17,000 pounds last year." Of course pompano are fished very differently from mullet, on the far offshore banks of the park. To be sure, the mullet catch is affected by market prices as well as abundance or scarcity of the fish. When mullet are present in great numbers, many commercial fishermen stay home rather than burn costly gas for fish that could bring less

than 1¢ per pound. Still, the profile of the mullet catch over the past three years has been steeply downward despite the fact that more men are netting them than ever before.

The assessment should be complete by January, at which time Good will make his recommendations regarding commercial and sport fishing in the park. Public hearings will be held, and Brown and the guides' association, as well as Pate and the EPA, plan to be on hand and vociferous.

Meanwhile, our angling in Madeira Bay—once one of the most productive "hot spots" in the area—was proving as dismal as had been predicted. A few sea trout, a sheepshead, a small jack crevillle and one tiny tarpon were all that responded to our lures. Not a single redfish was to be seen, much less hooked.

"Redfish have always been our meat and potatoes," said Ruoff. "Let's face it, there's not too many anglers who want to put in the hard work and long days required to catch bonefish and tarpon, and then when you've caught them, you can't eat them. Most of the fishermen who hire us want to bring something home with them, something for the freezer. That means reds and trout."

Redfish and sea trout are unprotected by the Florida Fish and Game Commission, and no daily catch limits are placed on them. The park defers to the state of Florida on such matters. The guides' association and the EPA would like to put a 10-a-day limit on trout and a four-a-day limit on redfish. In fact, for the past two years the guides have imposed that limit on themselves and their clients

EPA members, being saltwater fly-fishermen in the main, release almost all of their fish routinely, keeping only those that might qualify for a record. Once again, Good and Davis aren't sure that a bag limit would help, and in any event they say their hands are tied, it's up to the state to declare these species game fish and impose take limits.

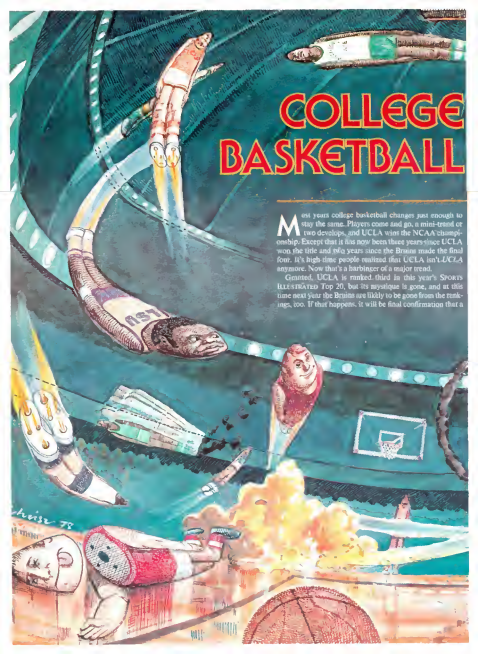
"We're ready to put up with anything positive that the park proposes," said Brown that evening over a cold beer at Papa Joe's in Islamorada. "If they want to put big chunks of the park off limits for sport as well as for commercial fishing, we'll go along with it."

We sat quietly for a while, letting the beer cut the day's salt from our throats, listening to the near-thunder rumble over the whine of the jukebox. *Little Things Mean a Lot*. On the back wall, a mounted tarpon that must have gone close to 200 pounds in life arched motionless, its scales like \$20 gold pieces in the fading light.

"Mainly, though, something has to be done about those salinity levels," said Brown. "Something that will put the fresh water back where nature intended it—into the nurseries of Florida Bay. Without that, everything else is just a holding action, a temporary stopgap. This is a situation unlike any elsewhere in the world. It's not like some salmon river that's been dammed and can be rigged out with fish ladders, or even a body of water with industrial pollution problems. This is a whole vast ecosystem that covers the entire southern tip of a growing state." He shook his head. "It would be a damn shame to see it destroyed." **END**



The dearth of game fish has not yet affected such Bay wildlife as the colorful roseate spoonbill.

A surreal, hand-drawn illustration of a basketball game. The background is a dark teal color with white dashed lines representing a basketball court. Several players are depicted as rocket ships or spaceships, flying through the air. One rocket ship in the upper left has a player's head attached to its nose. Another rocket ship in the center has a player's head attached to its side. A third rocket ship in the lower left has a player's head attached to its base. In the lower right, a large, stylized basketball is shown. A bear, wearing a red jersey, is on the court. A basketball hoop and backboard are visible in the upper right. The title 'COLLEGE BASKETBALL' is written in large, bold, red letters with a yellow outline. The artist's signature 'choise 78' is in the bottom left corner.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL

Most years college basketball changes just enough to stay the same. Players come and go, a mini-trend or two develops, and UCLA wins the NCAA championship. Except that it has now been three years since UCLA won the title and nine years since the Bruins made the final four. It's high time people realized that UCLA isn't UCLA anymore. Now that's a harbinger of a major trend.

Granted, UCLA is ranked third in this year's **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** Top 20, but its mystique is gone, and at this time next year the Bruins are likely to be gone from the rankings, too. If that happens, it will be final confirmation that a



In a year of explosive change, many of the game's old reliables may fizzle out, while some fairly recent duds—most notably Duke—have blasted off into the upper reaches of the rankings

BY KENT HANNON

significant power shift has taken place. There is already considerable evidence that sweeping changes are under way, because many of the traditional powers that, along with UCLA, have dominated the polls for years are not ranked.

One of the new have-nots is defending NCAA champion Kentucky, four of whose top seven players were swept up in the pro draft. Other notable MIAs include: Marquette, North Carolina, Cincinnati, Nevada-Las Vegas, Alabama, Maryland, Purdue, Kansas State and Providence. In fact, in this year's SI Top 20, only Notre Dame, UCLA, Louisville, San Francisco and Syracuse are holdovers from last season.

continued

Why didn't all those perennial powers have talent waiting in the wings as they seemed to in the past? Mainly because today's best high school seniors know that they are accomplished enough to start immediately on a good or soon-to-be-good team, such as an Iowa or an LSU or a Mississippi State. Thus, they are less inclined to serve a year's apprenticeship at a Marquette or a North Carolina before getting a chance to show what they can do. This is even the case in Los Angeles, where UCLA always had a Keith Wilkes to replace a Sidney Wicks, but where the Bruins have now been outrecruited two years in a row by their resurgent neighbor, USC.

The NCAA rule restricting team scholarships to 15—there were no limits until 1975—also helps prevent the kind of stockpiling for which Kentucky was notorious during its heyday in the 1950s. Another compelling reason for the power shift is the relative decline of UCLA, which under John Wooden won 10 NCAA titles in 12 years. Wooden's adversaries were in awe of him and his teams. Despite paying lip service to the business about the Bruins putting their shorts on one leg at a time, very few coaches believed they had any chance of beating UCLA. Now the psychological barriers are down. These days every school, from a pipsqueak like Iowa to a monster like Michigan State, figures it has a chance at the national title.

The only league that put up much of a fight during UCLA's reign was the Atlantic Coast Conference, whose 1974 champion, N.C. State, upset the Bruins on the way to winning the NCAA title. North Carolina and Duke also made it to the final four a total of five times during Wooden's championship years, and both have gotten there in the post-Wooden era. Carolina in '77 and Duke last year.

The surprising Blue Devils caught fire late last season under Coach Bill Foster, who put them back together after a recent history of failure and molded them into a team that has become this year's runaway choice for No. 1. In concept and technique, Foster's program has not been unlike the building and rebuilding efforts now coming to fruition at a lot of former have-nots. There's only one real difference—he has succeeded better than anyone else.

Duke finished in the wire services' Top 20 eight times during the 1960s as Coach Vic Bubas trotted out one All-American after another. But in 1969, Bubas, then 42, resigned to become a Duke vice-president, and his assistant, Bucky Waters, replaced him. Waters' strength was recruiting. Period. He didn't get along well with his players, and in the space of two years seven potential starters transferred to other schools. In September 1973 Waters resigned, and when fall practice began on Oct. 15, the athletic department still hadn't found a replacement.

Then in a move born out of panic, a press conference was scheduled for the morning of Oct. 18 in which—believe it or not—Adolph Rupp was to be introduced as the Blue Devils' new coach. Then 72 and 18 months removed from his longtime coaching job at Kentucky, Rupp was plagued by a variety of ailments. Moreover, Duke Chancellor Ken Pye and others were concerned about the effect Rupp's antebellum views on race would have on the Duke campus, which had been integrated only since the mid-

1960s. Fortunately for all concerned, Rupp backed out at the last minute.

Instead of a legend, Duke settled for an interim coach, Waters' assistant Neil McGeachy, who did well to finish 10-16. Meanwhile, the search committee that ultimately hired Foster was seeking out several other prominent coaches. Their replies were harsh and to the point: "Duke doesn't have the kind of situation where a coach can be successful. . . . Your academic standards are ridiculous. . . . You require a coach to work with both hands tied behind his back."

"The unfortunate part was that I believed them," says Pye, "at least in terms of the odds being against our rekindling what Bubas once had going. Our average freshman has a College Board score of 1,200, although we have always made exceptions for special people who fall into the category of, say, poets, violinists or athletes."

This news must have been music to Foster's ears when he was interviewed for the Duke job in March '74. And Foster, an Elizabethtown (Pa.) College alumnus who had resurrected basketball programs at Rutgers and Utah, impressed the now more realistic search committee with some sound talk of his own.

Most coaches are workaholics, but few combine this trait with a master's in business education, as Foster does. A genius at organizing a staff and allocating time, Foster had no sooner taken the Duke job than he began speaking three times a day all over North Carolina. He huddled with the promotion-conscious Dallas Cowboys and conceived the idea of toting mobile baskets and his players to high school assemblies so that students could come up on stage and



"Shoot It Out With The Blue Devils?" Foster also instituted something called Management by Objectives, a system borrowed from the head of the Utah business school wherein a player's weekly performance in everything from grades to free-throw shooting to brushing his teeth is monitored. As word of Foster's approach to basketball spread, he began getting requests to speak before IBM executives on how to get more out of less, a situation he was still having to deal with on the basketball floor.

What is often forgotten in the wake of Duke's magnificent run to the NCAA finals last season is that the Blue Devils came from nowhere. Foster began 1977-78 with a three-year record of 40-40. His ACC record was a horrid 7-29. "When I came to Duke, Jack Mann and Jeff Mullins were ending their pro careers, and our other names didn't exactly move mountains," says Foster. "But I've always remembered what Pat Williams, the '76er general manager, once said, 'When you don't promote, a terrible thing happens. Nothing.' So I tried everything I could think of to start people talking about Duke basketball again."

Among Foster's other pressing problems were getting antiquated Cameron Indoor Stadium spruced up from floor to ceiling and finding a shiny new team to play there. All Cameron needed was paint everywhere, a brand-new floor and some bleachers to replace those that caved in one night in 1976 while Duke was upsetting Maryland.

Foster's energetic recruiting—he was on the road 200 days last year—and ability to discern talent laid the groundwork for last year's 27-7 season. Unable to attract a sure-fire star, he beat the bushes during his first year at Duke

until he had come up with the best unheralded guard prospect in the country, Jersey City's Jim Spanarkel, whom Foster judged to be like one of the Van Arsdale twins. Foster was wrong, Spanarkel, as it turns out, is more like both Van Arsdales playing at once.

Shut out on several hotshots and unwilling to take a chance on players who might not fit into his grand design, Foster gave out only one scholarship the next year. It went to 6' 11" Mike Gmurski, a Connecticut lad of 16 who was smart enough to go through high school in three years and then conduct his own private recruiting campaign while most coaches were waiting to see how he would do in his senior year. Gmurski spent it in the ACC, winning Rookie of the Year honors as Spanarkel had the season before.

Getting last year's freshman star Gene Banks, the most impressive forward to hit the college game since Wicks and the first highly sought recruit signed by Foster, gave Duke a potential NCAA champ built along classic NBA lines: an intimidating center, a power forward and a whirling dervish (Kenny Derrard) across the front line, and a big shooter (Spanarkel) who does everything and a choice of two sound point men (John Harrell and Bob Bender) in the backcourt. What's more, Foster has never given out all his grants-in-aid. At the moment he has only 12 players on scholarship, and next season, when five members of this year's team will have graduated, there will probably be just 10.

"I know a lot of coaches think I'm crazy shaving the odds this close," says Foster, "but we have players on our bench who are good enough to come in and do the job if we have injuries or sickness. I just don't believe in keeping a lot of potential starters bottled up there who don't play much. It's bad for morale and distracts you from your purpose, which is winning."

Duke is about to do a lot of that, to the delight—and frustration—of its fans. Over the summer Duke received 23,000 new requests for the 4,307 tickets available to non-students. And then there is the matter of what to do about the 74 donors of \$25,000 to the university and the 39 donors of \$100,000 who still can't get in the door to see a game.

"It's hard to believe," says Foster, "particularly since I remember going up into the balcony one day and posing for a poster whose headline read: THERE'S AN EMPTY SEAT WAITING FOR YOU AT CAMERON INDOOR STADIUM."

Obviously, Foster is happy to be at Duke. And he can prove that his presence there is no accident by pulling out a dog-eared clipping from a Wilmington, Del. newspaper that he has carried in his wallet for 29 years. It reads: "Bill Foster, 18-year-old basketball whiz, is university bound, and the word is that it is Duke."

Foster took quite a while to arrive, but now that he is there, all around the country the word is that it is Duke.

For the word—and pictures—on this year's sophisticated sophomores, including Duke's Banks, turn the page. And keep reading for analyses of the Top 20 by Kent Hannon, Roger Jackson, Joe Jares, Larry Keith, Bruce Newman and William F. Reed, plus a look at the best of the rest among major college teams, the lowdown on the toughest small schools and the Top Ten in women's competition.

CONTINUED



A CLASS WITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY LANE STEWART



WILLIAMS
OHIO STATE

KING
MARYLAND

TRIPUCKA
NOTRE DAME

BANKS
DUKE

AENGE
BYU

CLASS

Here is the new elite. These 10 debonair young gentlemen are the very upper crust of this season's sophomores, a group sophisticated so far beyond its years it ranks among the most select classes ever



CONTINUED

VALENTINE
KANSAS

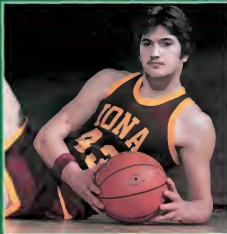
BULAND
IOWA

LAMP
VIRGINIA

ROBINSON
USC

JOHNSON
MICHIGAN STATE

On the court, 6' 9" Center Jeff Roland is never seen in such a languorous pose. He led his classmates in scoring—22.3 points a game—and his school out of obscurity.



Notre Dame intended to bring Forward Kelly Tripucka along slowly, but by late in the season his 57% shooting had put the Irish in fast company—the final four.

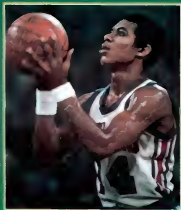
Power Forward Gene Banks is the best all-around player on what may be the nation's best team. As a freshman he was among the leaders in all ACC statistical categories.



THE FIRST TEAM



Although he scored 17 points per game, Michigan State's Earvin Johnson is only a no-no shooter. A 6' 6" guard, his forte is passing, at which he is unsurpassed.



Guard Darrell Valentine has a record few consider criminal. He's murder on offense, leading Kansas in both points and assists, and is a thief on defense, with 80 steals.

continued

The best player from Oakland since Bill Russell, Cliff Robinson can play anywhere in the frontcourt. No wonder he became the first freshman to top Pac-10 scorers.

THE SECOND TEAM



Top recruit, not a lack of talent, kept Forward Albert King from scoring more than 13.6 points per game. Nevertheless, many coaches think he's the class of his class.



Guard Danny Ainge (BYU's 22) actually plays his toughest defense at short for Toronto's Triple-A team. But he hits best in hoops, scoring 21.1 points a game.



Guard Jeff Lump was Virginia's leading light. Before he succumbed to sore ankles, he averaged 18.6 points and the Cavaliers were 12-2. Then they lost six of 14.



Even though he sometimes performed as if asleep, Ohio State's now maturing Center Herb Williams had an eye-opening 18.7 points and 11.4 rebounds per game.



HE'S GONE TO THE HEAD OF HIS CLASS

BY LARRY KEITH

Class. You can't beg, borrow or buy it. If you go out looking for it, you'll never find it. Class isn't the money you make, the clothes you wear, the car you drive or the house you live in. It isn't the way you pronounce your vowels, cross your legs or fold your napkin. It isn't the people you know or the places you go. Class either is, or it isn't.

Consider the 10 young men pictured on pages 42 and 43 in the salon of the McCormick Mansion in Chicago, which now houses Lawry's restaurant. Each of them is a sophomore basketball player, and together they make up one classy class. If you think they look fine in their starched collars, immaculate white waistcoats and patent leather pumps, you should catch them some night in satin shorts and sneakers. You should see them jumping and running, switching and driving, passing and dribbling, shooting and dunking. You should see them playing, and then you will know what class is all about—at least on a basketball court.

They do not come along very often, these classes with class, but when they do, the balance of power in basketball is invariably and dramatically affected. Coaches' jobs are saved, arenas are filled and new champions are crowned. In keeping with this tradition, these 10 sophomores have already left an imprint on college basketball. Only one of their teams had a losing record last season. Because of the group's proven performance and its even greater potential, it is already being mentioned with some of the great classes in basketball history (see box on page 50).

Let's take the achievements of the top five. It is more than coincidental that following 14 previous postseason failures, Notre Dame reached the final four of the NCAA tournament with Kelly Tripucka at forward. After all, Tripucka was the Most Valuable Player in the Midwest Region. Duke put Gene Banks at forward and leaped from a tie for last place in the ACC to second in the NCAA. Who had ever heard of Iona before Jeff Ruland started jumping center there? Last year the Gaels finished 17-10 playing a murderous schedule, and they now look like the best Eastern

team north of the ACC. Kansas Coach Ted Owens was a candidate for unemployment until Guard Darnell Valentine quarterbacked the Jayhawks to the Big Eight title. But none of these four had as profound an effect on his team, or on college basketball, as did Michigan State's gangly guard, 6' 8" Earvin (Magic) Johnson. A schoolboy legend in Lansing, he went to East Lansing and turned the Spartans from a 10-17 loser into a 25-5 Big Ten champion. As the Michigan State highlight film tells it, winning basketball returned to Jensen Field House "as if by magic."

The other five selections from this illustrious class are frontcourt men Albert King of Maryland and Cliff Robinson of USC, guards Danny Ainge of Brigham Young and Jeff Lamp of Virginia and Center Herb Williams of Ohio State. It would also be honorable to mention four others: Michigan's All-Big Ten Forward Mike McGee, Utah's All-WAC Center Danny Vranes, Florida's leading scorer Reggie Hannah and Villanova's Alex Bradley, who was among the Eastern Eight's top 10 in both scoring and rebounding.

Kentucky Coach Joe Hall, whose team would probably be highly ranked this year if he had successfully recruited Ruland, calls this "one of the best classes in many, many years. I just hope they don't turn pro too soon, because if they're available for the 1980 Olympics, we'll be good."

Michigan State's exuberant Johnson feels even more confident than Hall does. "We'd have a great team," he says, envisioning an Olympic lineup of the top five sophs. "We'd have a killer in the middle [Ruland], a dude to shoot [Tripucka], a power forward to bang heads [Banks], a quick guard [Valentine] and me—I'd be running the show." Dig it.

Several of these players are in an Olympic development program, and the others are likely to get their first crack at international competition within the year. Johnson, Valentine, Banks, Robinson and Vranes played on a young American team at a tournament in the U.S.S.R. last summer.

The coach on that trip, Bill Vining, a veteran of 24 years at Ouachita Baptist and of numerous international expeditions, says, "I can't remember a U.S. squad with this many quality youngsters." Despite their youth, the Americans reached the finals before losing to the Soviets.

Johnson's availability for the Moscow Olympics, not to mention his junior and senior seasons at Michigan State, depends on when he turns pro. Kansas City General Manager Joe Axelson says, "Johnson could start for anybody in the league tomorrow." Searching for someone to run the Kings' offense, Axelson wanted to draft Earvin No. 1 last spring, but Johnson decided to stay in school at least one more year. Kansas City chose Player of the Year Phil Ford of North Carolina instead, but Axelson still calls Johnson "the most exciting college player I've ever seen. I can't believe God created a 6' 8" man who can handle the ball like that."

Nor can many other people. Johnson seems to be Cousy. Maravich and Meadowlark Lemon rolled into one fancy passer. Last year Purdue Coach Fred Schaus called him "the finest freshman I've ever seen," and Michigan Coach John Orr declared, "It took the Spartans 30 years to get up there, and if he goes away, they're going right back down."

Orr may have been a little off in his arithmetic. Michigan State's last Big Ten titles having come in 1957 and '59, but Spartan Coach Jud Heathcote recently said, "Orr's probably right. Earvin is a superstar. He's the best player in the open court today, better than Maravich, Thompson, Westphal or anybody you want to name. If he stays in college all four years, he will be remembered as the player who put the effectiveness of the pass back into the game. Cousy showed people the value of the pass on the fast break. Earvin is showing what it can mean in the entire offense. His court vision is tremendous."

Although Johnson averaged a highly creditable seven assists a game last year, in other respects he seemed to be just another good player. He had 17 points and eight rebounds a game and shot a mediocre 46%. But these numbers do not measure his ability or influence. Opponents have learned that they may be able to outrun, outjump, outmuscle or outshoot Johnson, but it is almost impossible to beat him. Facing the basket from a 6' 8" perspective at the top of the key, he not only sees the flow of play better than anybody, but he also seems to sense precisely what the best next move is. Then he reacts.

"In Earvin's case you don't talk about the points he scores," says Heathcote, "but the points he produces. Not just the baskets and assists, but the first pass that makes the second pass possible. He's conscious of scoring himself, but it isn't an obsession with him. He doesn't worry about getting his average every game."

By "controlling, not dominating" play, as Heathcote puts it, Johnson became the Spartans' Most Valuable Player, a unanimous All-Big Ten selection and the only freshman named to a major All-America team. He was also the only freshman to play for the U.S. in last spring's senior-dom-

inated three-game series against Cuba, Yugoslavia and the U.S.S.R. Before this season, Heathcote made Johnson Michigan State's co-captain, because "this could be the last season he's here."

Johnson may not know where he will be playing next year, but he is sure of what he will be doing: gliding down somebody's court, weaving in and out of traffic, frustrating his defensive man, checking the left and right lanes, waiting, waiting, waiting until just the right moment, and then—presto!—there it is, around his back, through his legs, side-arm, overhead, whatever sleight of hand it takes to get the ball to the right man in the right place at the right time.

"My whole game is court sense," Johnson says, "being smart, taking charge, setting up a play or, if I have to, scoring. I've tried to pattern myself after George Gervin and Dr. J. I don't shoot the way they do, but they're both big, and they handle the ball and they're smooth. That's what I really like, how smooth they are."

Johnson's own brand of smoothness began developing as he watched games on television. "My father would point out things to me, like Oscar taking a smaller guard underneath, or the pick and roll," he says. "By the time I started playing organized ball, if the coach asked whether anybody knew how to do a three-man weave or a left-handed layup, I was the first one up."

Johnson took every opportunity to practice what his father, a Fisher Body worker, preached. He would shovel snow off the outdoor courts in the winter and play past dark in the summer. Sometimes he was alone, sometimes he'd go one-on-one, sometimes it was a pickup game where pride and maybe even a few dollars were at stake. While he was still in junior high school, he occasionally played in the Michigan State intramural building with Spartan star Terry Furlow. "The first time I just came to watch, really," he says, "so when Terry picked me I was scared. Then he started calling me his main man and bragging on me."

Johnson began perfecting what he calls his "hoopiness" style at the Main Street School, where the baskets are only eight feet high. "It was always packed with guys wanting to play," says Johnson, "so the only way you could hold the court was to win. That's why we went for the drives and the sure two instead of the outside shots."

When Johnson took his game out of the neighborhood, he was just as devastating. While visiting relatives in Rocky Mount, N.C. one summer during high school, he went looking for action at a local playground. As often happens to in-satiable players like Johnson, what he found was a challenge from a 20-year-old player who was a local hero, second only to a Rocky Mount native named Phil Ford. The game was made, 15 baskets, and the bet was laid, \$20. Obviously, the dude from Michigan was either very good or very dumb. The answer seemed clear after the hometown guy ran off six hoops without Johnson scoring. But the North Carolinian scored only two more after that, and Johnson doubled his money while almost doubling the score. "He was

continued

really upset," Earvin recalls. "He even tried to get his friends to lend him more money so he could play me again, but they wouldn't do it." The Rocky Mount boys had seen enough.

This sort of thing could never have happened in Lansing, of course. By the time Johnson graduated from Everett High his game—and his fame—were established. He had become the first three-time all-state player in Michigan history and an attraction of staggering dimensions in his hometown. People would gather by the hun-

dreds to watch him perform on an asphalt court and by the thousands to see his tricks on hardwood. Once, when Everett played rival Eastern High at Jensen Field House, all 9,886 seats were sold, and the TV rating in the Lansing area for another Everett-Eastern game was just a bit shy of what it had been for that year's Super Bowl. After his senior year, when Johnson returned from a tournament in Germany, banners welcomed him home at the airport, most urging that he play at Michigan State. When he made his announcement, it drew more Lan-

continued

THESE VINTAGE YEARS WERE REAL CORKERS

Discussion of this season's superb sophomore class inevitably brings to mind some of the extraordinary groups from previous eras. For your consideration—and perhaps consternation—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has selected the outstanding class of the 1920s, '30s, '40s, '50s, '60s and early '70s. Although the emphasis was placed on the players' collegiate accomplishments, their later careers were also taken into account. Each class is listed according to the decade it entered college.

The most controversial aspect of the selections may not be who was included, but who wasn't. Many great players were not chosen because there were not enough other exceptional performers in their classes to make their years truly classy. Thus you will not find here the names of Russell, Chamberlain or Alcinder—or even Robertson and West. For years many fans have assumed that the class that entered college in 1956 and included Oscar Robertson and Jerry West was the finest ever. The main reason for this thinking was the awesome performance of the U.S. team in the 1960 Olympics. Actually, only four of the 12 Olympians were members of the Robertson-West class.

There should be no controversy, however, about the most distinguished class of the 1920s, because five 1927 freshmen became members of the Naismith Hall of Fame. And two of them, guards John Thompson of Montana State and Charles Hyatt of Pittsburgh, were chosen in 1970 for the Helms Foundation's 10-man, all-time team. Thompson and classmate Frank Ward have the added distinction of playing on what Helms called, in 1960, the greatest team ever—Montana State's 1929 club that finished 36-2.

This class also includes two Hall of Fame players best known for having coached their alma maters to national titles: Branch McCracken of Indiana and Bud Foster of Wisconsin. A third Big Ten player—and the fifth Naismith inductee—was Stretch Murphy of Purdue.

Another all-time All-America, Hank Lusselt of Stanford, heads the class of 1935-38. Luisetti was twice Player of the Year, but he is better known for having perfected the running one-hand shot. Notre Dame has two members of the '30s best team, 1936 Player of the Year John Mcir and Paul Nowak. The other all-stars include Mike Bloom, who led Temple to victory in the first NIT, and conference scoring champions Jewell Young of Purdue, Bonnie Lee Graham of Mississippi and Fred Pralle of Kansas.

The outstanding class of the 1940s was the one that played from 1946 to '49. With Ralph Beard, Alex Groza and Wallace (Wah Wah) Jones, Kentucky won the NIT in 1946, was runner-up in '47 and won the NAAs in '48 and '49. These three, along with three other members of Kentucky's fabulous squad, were also on the gold-medal-winning 1948 Olympic team. The gold lost some of its luster when Beard and Groza pleaded guilty to shaving points in Kentucky in 1949.

Some other notable players in the 1946-49 class were Ed Macauley of St. Louis, a member of the Naismith Hall of Fame; Vern Mikkelsen of Hamlet, who is in the NAIA Hall of Fame; Vern Gardner of Utah, the star of the team that handed Beard, Groza & Co. its loss in the '47 NIT; and Tony Lavelli of Yale, the Helms Player of the Year in '49.

Heading the top freshman class of the

1950s are Jerry Lucas and John Havlicek, who performed at Ohio State from 1959 to '62. Lucas was a two-time Player of the Year and a member of the 1960 Olympic team, along with a classmate, Terry Dischinger of Purdue. Even with Lucas and Havlicek, the Buckeyes lost two national title games to Cincinnati, which was led by Tall Paul Hogue.

This class also included five other players who are considered the best performers ever at their schools: Zelmo Beaty of 1962 NAIA champion Prairie View; Chet Walker of Bradley; Dave DeBusschere of Detroit; Billy McGill of Utah; and Len Chappell of Wake Forest.

Points, and lots of them, makes the class of 1967-70 very special. Led by Pete Maravich of LSU, seven of its members scored at least 2,000 points in their three-year careers. Maravich, Calvin Murphy of Niagara and Rick Mount of Purdue were three-time All-Americans, which did not leave many kudos for such other top backcourt men as Charlie Scott of North Carolina and Nate Archibald of UTEP. There was talent in the frontcourt, too, with Dan Issel of Kentucky, Bob Lanier of St. Bonaventure, Dave Cowens of Florida State and Rudy Tomjanovich of Michigan.

The classiest class of the early 1970s (1971-74) really needs no introduction, because most of its members are currently in the NBA: Bill Walton and Keith Wilkes of UCLA, Maurice Lucas of Marquette, Marvin Barnes of Providence, Bobby Jones of North Carolina, Billy Knight of Pittsburgh, John Drew of Gardner Webb, Phil Smith of San Francisco, Brian Winters of South Carolina, John Shumate of Notre Dame and Tom Burleson of North Carolina State.



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sing media attention than an earlier visit by President Gerald Ford. The grateful response in town and on campus was such that Spartan attendance doubled, turning every home game into a sellout.

Considering the buildup, Johnson and his teammates were on the spot last season. But not even the most optimistic Spartan fan envisioned that State would win quite as often as it did. "I didn't expect anything like what happened," Johnson says. "One of the reasons I had come to Michigan State was that I love to be the underdog and rise to the occasion. But after we beat Minnesota in our first conference game, I remember going back to the dorm and telling my roommate, 'Man, I think we can do it. I think we can win the Big Ten.'"

If that 87-83 victory over the Gophers told Johnson something about the conference, it told the conference even more about Johnson. He was the best player on the floor that night, scoring 31 points, pulling down eight rebounds and dispensing four assists. Johnson had arrived and the Spartans had arrived with him. At the end of the season they were in first place, and Earvin was first in the league in assists, tied for third in scoring, fifth in free-throw percentage and tied for sixth in rebound average.

Johnson would have made almost any college team successful, but only at hometown State could he have created the commotion that accompanied the Spartans' revival. He has handled it well, because for all the class he possesses on the court, he has just as much off it. "I want people to think of me as a student," he says, "but I know I'm a student in a special category. I mean, I'm a student in the classroom, but around campus I'm Earvin Johnson the basketball player. I can hear people whisper when I walk by, 'Hey, is that Magic?' And I've heard little kids on the playground say, 'I'm Earvin, I'm Earvin.' This is why I'm careful about how I come across to people. I don't want them to think I'm conceited. When you're the main attraction, you've got to watch out."

When you're Earvin Johnson, you'll always be the main attraction, even in a class with class.

CONTINUED

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Where did this appear? The New Yorker? People? Esquire? No, it's from *Easy Times the Hard Way* by Barry McDermott in Sports Illustrated, where the world of sport, like the world at large, has its seamy underside.

Sports Illustrated

We are sports in print.

THE TOP 20

1 DUKE

It is difficult to imagine a more intrepid bunch than the 1978-79 Blue Devils. They block, lob, steal and stuff; they crash the boards, run-and-gun, and then fall back in their zone and pound opponents to bits. They're smart, tough and imaginative. In short, they are easily the team to beat, and nothing illustrates why better than an incident that occurred in practice the other day.

Most teams, even good ones, tend to look sluggish and indecisive in scrimmages, because it is tough for a player to work magic on a teammate who knows the plays as well as he does. So here comes Guard Bob Bender downtown on a fast break, and who does he spy inside the foul line itching for an alley-oop pass but Gene Banks. Bender puts up a good lob, but Center Mike Gminski sees the play developing and moves to cut off Banks. No problem for the man the Blue Devils call Tinkerbell—"because I float above the court," says Banks. He does just that and spikes a pass, volleyball-style, to Forward Kenny Dennard for a layup.

Now, at most places they would stop practice right there and pass around the champagne. They might even call off school for the rest of the week. But at Duke they perform this high-wire act every day—and damn the risks. And there are dangers in such full-blown practices, as evidenced a few seasons later when Banks went up for another lob, got submanned and spent the next couple of days in the hospital with a sore back.

"It's a little crazy, but it's our style and we feel we should stick to it," says Jim Spanarkel, a senior guard who, if you add up talent, guts and inspirational leadership, may be the most valuable player in the country. Despite persistent claims by opposing coaches that he is slow aloof, Spanarkel has a startling list of credits:

- ACC Rookie of the Year in 1976
- League leader in steals (twice)
- Best rebounding guard in ACC history
- Shot and made more free throws (220 of 255) than anyone in the nation last year

Gminski is a 6' 11" 250-pounder who has never fouled out of a game in his life. Banks passed out 11 assists in one game and, at 6' 8", is almost as good a rebounder as Gminski. There were five oc-

casions last season when Banks, Gminski and Spanarkel each scored 20 or more points in the same game.

Coach Bill Foster has a lot more athletes on hand who can—and will—play, such as Dennard, the loose-ball champion of the world; John Harrell, the point guard who committed only 51 turnovers in 34 games last season; and freshman Vince Taylor.

All were on display at a scrimmage held after Duke's homecoming football game at which an SRO crowd chanted, "Salt Lake City! Salt Lake City!" That is the site of this season's NCAA finals. Someone later asked Bender, a transfer student who played on Indiana's 1976 NCAA title team, if he is going to become the first college player to receive championship rings as a member of two different basketball teams.

"You can count on it," he said. You probably can.

2 NOTRE DAME

When most coaches talk about having good depth, what they really mean is that they've got one or two reserves who can dribble without falling down. As for the eighth and ninth men, like the fire extinguishers kept behind glass in public buildings, they are there to be used only in case of emergency.

This is not true at Notre Dame, however, where Coach Digger Phelps shuffles players in and out so often that it's always rush hour at the scorer's table. While the youthful Irish built a 23-8 record last season, they used 11 different starting lineups, and 10 players averaged at least 10 minutes per game.

As a result, Notre Dame has so many good, experienced men returning that Phelps recruited only one freshman, even though the Irish lost their top scorers and co-MVPs, Dave Patton and Duck Williams. The newcomer is Guard Mike Mitchell, Northern California's Player of the Year.

"With our kind of schedule, a team has to have depth and it has to use it," Phelps says. "This keeps the kids happy by giving them a chance to play, and it helps us win by wearing opponents down. Our kids are convinced that by playing the way we do, our turn will come sometime during the game, even if we fall way behind. No matter what the score is, we stick to the concept to keep everyone fresh for the final push."

To make this strategy work, Phelps needs 10 talented players who are all willing to subordinate themselves to his system. Only two of the Irish played more than 30 minutes a game last year. The result was a revolving-door team that outscored, outshot and outrebounded opponents by wide margins without any single player amassing impressive statistics.

Most coaches would be happy to have five players of Notre Dame's quality, never mind a whole roster of them. Guards Mitchell and Bill Hamrick, forwards Tracy Jackson and Gilbert Salinas and Center Bill Lamberth form an imposing lineup—one that at Notre Dame doesn't even start. The first five is made up of guards Stan Wilcox and Rich Brannan, forwards Kelly Tripucka and Orlando Woolridge and Center Bruce Flowers.

But then, at Notre Dame starting doesn't mean that much. "Ours is a team of specialists," says Woolridge, and he's right. Depending on the opponent, the Irish will go mostly with a power lineup, a running lineup, a pressing lineup or a shooting lineup.

If anyone stands out on this team of equals, it is Tripucka. Although with in playing time as a freshman last season, he was third

in scoring and rebounding, and led Notre Dame in field-goal shooting (57%). Complementing his ability is a have-no-fear attitude that comes from having grown up in a family of outstanding athletes. His father Frank was an All-America quarterback for the Irish brothers Todd and Tracy started in basketball at Lafayette; T.K. played hoops at Fordham, and Mark quarterbacked the Massachusetts football team. From his childhood, Kelly remembers some rough backyard beatings that left him crying, but he says, "I'm not the type of player to get nervous before a big game. I want a piece of the action. When I leave here, I'm going to have one of those championship rings." He might get it this spring.

3 UCLA

In Los Angeles, the city in which the unpredictable is the norm, there are only about three things the citizenry can depend on year in and year out: brush fires in summer, mud slides in winter and the UCLA basketball team. This season, barring a midwinter brush fire started by cross-town rival USC, the Bruins will make a 13 conference championships in a row, mainly because of Roy Hamilton, perhaps the finest guard in college, and David Greenwood, maybe the best forward this side of the NBA. The two seniors are starting their ninth season as teammates, having put together their Mr. Inside-Mr. Outside act in the eighth grade. As a junior, Hamilton had the highest shooting percentage—540—of any backcourt player in UCLA history, while also leading the Pac-8 in assists. Greenwood, his 6'9" roommate, who was a unanimous All-America pick, led the league in rebounding and was second in scoring with a 17.5 average.

Hamilton, a left-hander who dribbles as well as he passes and shoots, is so quick that Bruin scouts knew they wanted him the first time they ever saw him take the court—in the 10th grade. He leads UCLA's running game, and as often as not, the target he hits at break's end is Greenwood. "The most enjoyable part of the game for me is the fast break," says Greenwood, "especially when Roy has the ball and he sets me up for a dunk." Greenwood backs up his slams with a nice outside jump shot.

Second-year Coach Gary Cunningham is missing one of his best players from last season, Guard Raymond Townsend, but long-range shooter Brad Holland should fill in nicely. UCLA has no Alcindor or Walton in the pivot, but it should be improved there, if only because 6'9" Gig Sims has added a bit of muscle to his Olive Oyl physique. Should the shot-blocking Sims tire at game's or season's end, as he did in 1977-78, 6'9" Darrell Allums, who is almost 30 pounds heavier, is an able replacement. In the corner opposite Greenwood,

UCLA can use good shooter Kiki Vandeweghe or good defender James Wilkes.

UCLA lost only three times last season and zipped through what some observers called the Pathetic 8 with a 14-0 record. The schedule is tougher this time, including another home-and-home pair with Notre Dame, which handed UCLA two of its three defeats last season; 18 games in an expanded and much-improved conference; and fewer games than usual at Pauley Pavilion. But even with an extra loss or two, UCLA seems certain to win the first championship of the Pac-10.

What has Bruin fans worried is not this season but next. UCLA has had two straight subpar recruiting crops. The only sophomore on the team is out for the season with an injured knee. This fall Cunningham brought in only two freshmen: Guard Tyren Naults, nephew of Bruin alumnus and former pro Willie, and Forward Mike Sanders, who was twice Louisiana's Player of the Year. Help must come from junior colleges, because it seems unlikely that the present juniors—Sims, Allums, Vandeweghe and Wilkes—have the talent to carry on the tradition. Nonetheless, for this season at least, the partnership of Greenwood and Hamilton seems to ensure that Angelinos can count on UCLA winning its annual title.

4 MICHIGAN ST.

The way Bud Heathcote sees it, Michigan State would win the NCAA's this year if only he could work out a slight change in the rules. With five of the top six players back from last season's surprising Big Ten champs, the Spartan coach says, "We will have as good a lineup as any in the country. In fact, if they passed a rule limiting everyone to just five men, we'd win it all." Because one of the five is Earvin Johnson, Heathcote could be right.

With Johnson directing the Magic Show, Michigan State won its first conference championship in 19 years and had its best record ever, 25-5. "I really thought Purdue and Minnesota were the top teams in the league," Heathcote says, "but we got the title because we were able to win more away games."

The Spartans' 7-2 conference road record was startling because only one senior played regularly. There is just one senior this year, too, Greg Kerkel. He will team with sophomores Johnson and Jay Vincent, and juniors Terry Donnelly and Ron Charles. The Big Green is even greener on the bench, with sophomore Mike Brkovich and freshmen Gerald Busby and Rob Gonzalez.

"Having a suspect bench puts us down a notch or two nationally," says Heathcote, "but as far as our starters are concerned, we have two great players and three good ones. They're going to be even better offensively and defen-

continued



ively than they were last year because of experience."

Keher and Johnson needn't get a whole lot better. They're one-two in both scoring and rebounding and a dazzling combo on the fast break. The Spartans' break should be even more effective because of improved rebounding. Johnson and Vincent are still the biggest players at 6'8", but the 6'7" Charles is five inches taller than the man he succeeded, Bob Chapman, who has graduated.

However, what Chapman did best is what the Spartans may need most—good outside shooting. Michigan State faced zone defenses in all but four games because of its lack of consistent long-range shooting and the inability of any opponent to stop Johnson man-to-man. As the Spartans' record shows, the zones didn't cause very many losses, although Kentucky's 1-3-1 knocked Michigan State out of the Midwest Regional.

To get more scoring now that Chapman's 12.3 points per game are gone, Heathcote is urging Donnelly to shoot more. Donnelly averaged only six points but he shot 53%. When another perimeter shooter is needed, Heathcote will call on Brkovich.

The best kind of zone defense to play against Michigan State is the winged kind the Spartans usually play themselves. Opponents averaged only 65.8 points and 45.2% shooting last year, and only twice did they score more than 75 points.

"I tell the players it takes five things for us to win," Heathcote says. "In order, they are teamwork, the fast break, defense, field-goal shooting and offense. I let Earvin take care of the first two, and I handle the rest."

That is one rule Heathcote would never want to change.



Crum. "He's much improved in shooting, ball handling and running the offense." But, alas, Griffith's defense is still a liability. "It's not of as much interest to him as it ought to be," says Crum.

Griffith will be a guard on a team without a center now that 6'11" Ricky Gallon is gone. To compensate, Crum will use a high-post "transitional" offense in which the players are more or less interchangeable. The forwards will be 6'4" junior Bobby Turner, he of the malevolent scowl and steady play, and 6'8" senior Larry Williams, a skinny southpaw with a soft jumper. The job of replacing Gallon will fall to a pair of 6'8" freshmen, Scooter McCray and Wiley Brown, two of the prize recruits signed by Crum last spring. Both are better players than Gal-

lon was, but neither is a true center. Another freshman, Jerry Eaves, will challenge holdovers Tony Branch, Roger Burkman and Greg Deuser for the starting guard spot opposite Griffith.

"It's hard to judge how well these kids can play," says Crum, "but they have talent. Before the season's over, we ought to be competitive with anybody. I'll be disappointed if we don't win 20."

Winning 20 is something Crum has done every season since he came to Louisville in 1971, and his superb coaching will be a decided asset for his young team, especially in the formative early games against such non-Metro Conference opponents as Tennessee, Michigan, Maryland, Ohio State and Providence. "If anybody thinks he has a tougher schedule, I'll trade," says Crum, boasting out that conference rivals Virginia Tech, Florida State and Cincinnati also figure to be strong. "The schedule won't help our record, but it will help us become a good club."

It is unfortunate that Louisville's proposed 20,000-seat arena is not ready, because the Cardinals should be one of the nation's most entertaining teams. Their depth, quickness and leaping ability figure to be enough to offset their deficiencies in size and experience, and if Griffith finally fulfills his enormous potential, the Doctors could be operating in Sale Lake City come March.

5 LOUISVILLE

The Doctors of Dunk era is now entering its third season at the University of Louisville, but all the Cardinals have to show for the past two years are lots of press clippings and some hideous black warmp jacks. The warmps were designed by the subject of most of the clippings, Darrell Griffith, also known as Dr. Dunkelstein. His prodigious feats of flying and slamming have boosted Louisville's home attendance to 12,788 a game, but not its stock in postseason play. The Cardinals lost to UCLA in the first round of the NCAA tournament in Griffith's freshman year, and last season they were ousted by DePaul in the Midwest semis.

Now a junior, Griffith is a veteran on a young team—nine of the 13 players are freshmen or sophomores—and the title has come for him to develop from a mere dunker into the kind of player who can take charge. Coach Denny Crum believes that his 6'4" star finally feels at home at guard. "He'll be better," says

6 TEXAS

Kansas Coach Ted Owens once visited the new Special Events Center at the University of Texas. "How many does it seat?" he asked Darrell Royal. "Sixteen two," said the Texas athletic director. "What's the floor made of?" Owens wondered. "I don't know," Royal said.

Royal should be forgiven. Until recently, neither he nor anyone else at Texas seemed to know that basketball existed, much less what kind of floor it was played on. Only a couple of thousand people would look on from the bleacher seats in ancient Gregory Gym as the Longhorns ran—usually ineptly—through their pace-

continued

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es. There were occasional exceptions, but the dreary proceedings were a reasonably accurate reflection of basketball in the state. Cynics said there were two sports in Texas—football and spring football. And the state's high schools didn't help. As often as not, basketball was coached by a bored football mentor like Coach Popper in *The Last Picture Show*. The gyms were locked all summer. "That way they don't get but 80 years out of them places," says Texas Coach Abe Lemons.

Well, things changed, beginning in 1976 when Lemons brought his wit and often underrated wisdom from Pan American University. In his first year, Texas finished 13-13. Last season the Special Events Center (a.k.a. Super Drome), with its portable oak floor, was opened, and the Longhorns had a 26-5 record and won the NIT. Four starters return from that championship season, basketball has arrived at Texas.

To be sure, the local high schools still are not helping much, but Lemons has recruited enough out-of-state talent to more than make do. His are not ordinary players, but the kind of misfits who would appeal only to an eccentric like Lemons. At one forward is 6'4", 215-pound Ron Baxter, a double for the young Roy Campanella. "You think he's heavy and slow," says Lemons, "so all he does is play best in pressure situations." Baxter, from Los Angeles, was a 19-point scorer and ranked among the top 10 in every Southwest Conference statistic except assists. At the other forward is 6'7" Tyrone Branyan from Placentia, Calif. As his name does not suggest, he is heavy, slow and white. "I looked at him in junior college and saw he couldn't run or jump," Lemons says. "Then they told me he was the Most Valuable Player and leading scorer on the team that won the state title. I said, 'I believe we'll take him.'" Branyan stumbled to a 15.4-point average in league play.

At one guard is 160-pound Jim Krivacs, who looks as if he will self-destruct in five seconds. "Radar shooter," says Lemons. Krivacs, from Indianapolis, led the Longhorns with a 21.9 average. The other guard, 6'3" John Moore, from Altoona, Pa., is an adept point man who actually looks like a basketball player.

The Longhorns' success at replacing Center Gary Goodner, who graduated, could determine if they can match or exceed last season's record. Goodner's spot will probably be taken by Ovie Dotson, who is only a semicenter at 6'5". That's not the only unique thing about Dotson. Unlike Texas' other starters, he is homegrown, having played high school ball in San Antonio. His lack of height could make the Longhorns short on defense.

Shaky defense would hurt most teams, but don't evaluate Texas by normal standards. "People have too many checklists," says Lemons, who cares only about shooting when he scouts potential recruits. Check this: the Longhorns were last in their conference in rebounding and tied for first in the standings. It could happen only in Texas basketball.

had as much ability and depth as they do now. Says Brown, "If the players will totally dedicate themselves to all the old tired statements about selfishness, if we can all work to not irritate each other, and if I do my job, then we can be as good as anybody in the country." Pause. "My friends tell me I shouldn't say things like that, that I should act like Bear Bryant and low key it. But I can't help it. That's what I really feel in my heart."

Last season, when Brown was not spouting off, he coached a pretty decent basketball team. The Tigers were 18-9 and third in the SEC. While winning nine of its last 11, LSU became one of only two teams to beat eventual NCAA-champion Kentucky. Other than Guard Kenny Higgs, all the top players are back, including all-conference Forward Durand Macklin, a 6'7" leaper who ranked among the SEC leaders in both scoring (19 points a game) and rebounding (10.6). Macklin and DeWayne Scales will start again at forward, with 6'9" Lionel Green at center. The guards will be Ethan Martin, a walk-on, and deadeye Jody Hultberg.

That lineup would be good enough to end Kentucky's reign in the SEC, but there is more. Back after a season of scholastic ineptitude is 6'9" Greg Cook, who averaged 11.5 points and 9.2 rebounds as a freshman starter two seasons ago. He will share a forward spot with Scales. Willie Sims of New York is a 6'3" swingman, and Al Green, a transfer from North Carolina State, lends three-man depth at guard. Oh, yes, there are also a couple of 7-footers, Rick Mattick and Andy Campbell, to spell Lionel Green.

"I'm expecting great things," says Brown. "For the next three years, we should be a threat to win the NCAAs, because 12 of our 15 players are underclassmen. I won't be content until we're picked No. 1 and finish No. 1. That's the philosophy they had at two Jims, or they wouldn't have gotten off the beaches."

Of course, talent alone does not mean the Tigers will scale basketball's equivalent of Mount Suribachi. Brown's main challenge will be to find enough playing time, shots and glory to keep everyone happy. To help ward off such problems, he will use a shuffle offense designed to "get the ball into everybody's hands." He also plans to exploit his depth by fast-breaking at every opportunity and playing full-court, man-to-man defense.

Under Brown's spell, LSU basketball fans are coming out of the woodwork, or wherever they have been hiding, since Maravich left eight years ago. By the end of October, almost 5,000 season tickets had been sold, a school record. Obviously, Louisianians are expecting the Tigers to be hotter than a pistol.

8

NO. CAROLINA ST.

Norm Sloan thinks he knows the secret of how to defeat Duke. Even though this may sound like a betrayal of a confidence, it's not. Information of this sort is bound to get out, especially because the schools involved are only 25 miles apart and the Wolf-pack, coached by Sloan, has been picked to finish right behind the Blue Devils in the ACC. Well, perhaps not right behind, since Duke is favored to win the NCAAs. But Sloan is not indulging entirely in whimsy when he talks of beating the Blue Devils.

"Duke may be No. 1 right now, but nobody used a pressing defense against the Blue Devils last year and they aren't that quick," says Sloan, whose team is. "Another thing, they love to play zone. That's going to be tough to sustain because of all the slowdowns they'll see this year. Makes sense. If you hold the ball, they have

continued

7

LSU

Every day of preseason practice was a revelation to Dale D. Brown, the motor-mouthed coach of Louisiana State. "There were times when I walked out of the gym after workouts," says Brown, "and almost said out loud, 'Is this really me? Is this really LSU?'" The source of his wonderment was the sight of so many big, talented players. The Tigers have had great performers in the past—Bob Pettit and Pete Maravich, to name a couple—but never have they

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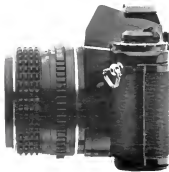
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to come out and play you man-to-man. That takes Grimski away from the basket and makes them a different team. By slowing up, we beat them 74-50 in Raleigh last year. We also held the ball over in Durham and were close at halftime."

Though Duke went on to win that game 76-64, the Wolfpack does pose a significant threat to the Blue Devils' plans for a national title. Nine of State's first 10 players return from a 21-10 team that not only beat Duke, but also made it to the NIT finals.

Sloan's players lack big reputations. They led the ACC in virtually nothing—except, perhaps, teamwork. Yet the Wolfpack does not want for firepower; each of the top six players had at least one 20-point game in 1977-78. Leading scorer Hawkkeye Whitney has slimmered down from 242 pounds to 218 and should be even better than last year. Clyde (The Glide) Austin is as smooth as his nickname implies. Kendal (Tiny) Pender, Art Jones and Tony Warren are three wing-type players who can run, jump and score. Even though he is only 6'7", Pender is capable of playing center should either of State's bigger and slower pivemen, Craig Watts and Glenn Sadoph, inhibit the Wolfpack's accelerated style. This is not to say that State is undisciplined. Indeed, Sloan is loaded with one-on-one players, but he has won them over to an all-for-one philosophy. Only Guard Kenay Matthews is likely to turn it loose from 22 feet.

To get the drop on the Blue Devils, Sloan is flying his team to Anchorage, Alaska this week for an early-season tournament. Then in the Big Four tournament on Dec. 1, Sloan meets Duke in a game that will mean nothing in the ACC standings and everything in determining Sloan's eventual strategy. "We'll play them power against power this first time," he says. "No slowdowns. We want to see who really has the most talent."

Thus, the game to watch, in terms of finding out how good Sloan thinks Duke is, will be State's nationally televised confrontation with the Blue Devils in January. Every coach in the country will tune in to see how Sloan plays it—fast or slow. One thing more, the game will not occur on Jan. 20, as was previously announced. It has been rescheduled for Jan. 21 so it can serve as a lead-in to the Super Bowl. It might be the best game of the day.

9

IONA

"Realistically speaking," says Iona College Forward Dave Brown, "we're going to go all the way." All the way to where, Dave? The ECAC playoffs? The NCAA East Regional? "ALLLLLLL the way!" says Brown, who is a psychology major and, obviously, a devout believer in the power of positive thinking. But just because you have never heard of Brown—or, perhaps, even his school—don't think



that he is all the way out of his head. He and the rest of the Gaels have reason for optimism, though Brown's claim that Iona will win the NCAA title is a bit much.

With eight players returning from a team that had a 17-10 record—the most wins for the Gaels since 1958—and three good recruits, the obscure Christian Brothers Institution located in New Rochelle, N.Y. should out-duel Syracuse for supremacy in the East. The most impressive of the holdovers is 6'9" Center Jeff Rutland, likely the nation's top freshman last season. Rutland, a 240-pound bruiser who is almost impossible to stop inside, led first-year players in scoring (22.3 points a game), rebounding (12.8 a game) and field-goal percentage (59.4). But despite Rutland's statistics, his backup, 6'10" Kevin Vesey, another sophomore, may

have more natural talent. Vesey, who was recruited to play the pivot (Rutland was slotted for a forward spot) blocked a team-high 42 shots last season while playing only 10 minutes a game. His flair for the dramatic had the fans at John A. Mulcahy Campus Center chanting "Ve-sey! Ve-sey!" almost before he removed his warm-up jacket, but frequently that was the high point of his performance. "When Kevin finally figures out why he is running around in short pants, he's going to be a hell of a player," says Coach Jim Valvano. If Vesey sees the light, Brown's vision of a national title might not be all that outlandish.

More probably, Brown will have to content himself with fulfilling a personal goal, which is to replace Richie Guerin as Iona's second-leading career scorer. Teaming in forward with Brown will be senior Lester George, while a pair of transfer students—Mike Palma, a deadly shooter who made the ACC all-freshman team at Wake Forest two seasons ago, and massive Alex Middleton, a 6'6", 215-pound junior college All-America from Deer Park, N.Y.—give Valvano unusual depth.

Iona suffered six of its 10 defeats in 1977-78 by a total of 14 points, and its most glaring weakness, the lack of a steady play-making guard, was evident in most of them. Tony Iani, a 5'9" freshman from York, Pa., who is a careful ball handler and crisp passer, could free Glenn Vickers, the Gaels' second-leading scorer, with a 17.4 average, to concentrate on firing his jumper and tilting a lane on fast breaks. If Iani matures rapidly, Kevin Hamilton, a member of the starting lineup in 1977-78, would then bring his hot shot off the bench.

With a schedule that includes a trip to Nevada-Las Vegas, rematches with Detroit and Holy Cross, and a probable confrontation with Syracuse in the final of the Carrier Classic, the Gaels would seem susceptible to burning themselves out before playoff time, but Iona's arduous road schedule of a year ago, when it played at both Kentucky and North Carolina State, should be paying dividends this season. The Gaels ought not to be worn down or intimidated by the big-name competition this time around. And Valvano will be watching to make sure that they aren't. "I don't want our kids to peak too early," he says, obviously agreeing with Brown that Iona can expect to be playing some pretty important games come March.

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10

GEORGIA TECH

Georgia Tech lacks many of the trappings considered de rigueur for a successful basketball program. It has no plush, color-coordinated carpeting in the coach's office; no huge, modern arena with which to awe recruits; no funds to spruce up its Spartan dressing rooms; no basketball tradition to speak of; and, as some folks to the immediate north might suggest, no business moving from the Metro Conference into the new ACC.

Tech cannot win its new league this year—not because of a lack of talent but because it will not be a full-fledged member of the ACC until 1979-80. Meanwhile, it should enjoy itself for one season as an independent. The Engineers have three nifty players, a wily, good-ole-boy coach, a lightweight schedule and very little chance of missing this year's NCAA tournament.

Tech's main men are Sammy Drummer, a bushy 6' 5" forward who led the Metro in scoring with 21.1 points a game last year, Quince Moreno ("Call me Taco") Brown, a 6' 5" guard who twice last season had three-minute spurts in which he scored 10 points, and Lenny Horton, a 6' 7" forward who shot 61.1% and who should improve upon his 10.9 scoring average of a year ago. Point Guard Billy Smith is deft at parceling out field-goal opportunities to his threesome, but Tech's centers are undistinguished. All of which makes the Engineers sound a lot like Arkansas, which won 32 games last year while depending largely on three players.

Certainly nobody likes to play Georgia Tech. The Engineers commit few turnovers, make their free throws and seldom get into foul trouble, which is a good thing because there were times last season when Tech played only seven men. The team is not exactly deep this year, but Coach Dwane Morrison isn't worried. He merely boosts the thermostat in the gym to 90°, because he is convinced it keeps his players from getting hurt.

"And because my children out there dearly love the heat," Morrison says with the conviction of a born-again evangelist. "People say we're a throwback team, that the coach has a crew cut, that one of his assistants is part Indian and the other an ex-hog farmer. They're right. And my team is ugly a lot of the time. But I'm here to tell you that for about 45 seconds last season this team was as beautiful as a newborn baby."

Apparently Morrison was able to spread those 45 seconds around, because Georgia Tech won 15 times and was never out of a game. Its 12 losses came by a total of 44 points. Says Brown, "I'd say we lacked height—we were unlucky and got some bad calls from the referees once it got around that we were trying to switch to another conference."

Whether Taco's complaints about the officiating are valid or not, it is true that resentment over Georgia Tech's withdrawal from the Metro caused three of that conference's schools—Louisville,

St. Louis and Tulane—to drop the Engineers from their 1978-79 schedules. Needing a bunch of new teams on short notice to replace those hostile-and-home opponents, Morrison came up with what seems likely to be seven sure victories: Newberry, Western Carolina, Morris Harvey, Campbell, East Carolina, Tennessee Tech and Biscayne.

Throw in another 45 seconds of beauty with all those push-overs, and Tech should win 20 in its sleep.

11

USC

After two rich recruiting harvests, the Trojans are so deep that their fans are speaking of a Pac-10 championship. That is cheeky talk indeed for a school that has not won a league title in 17 years and coexists in the same city with UCLA. But even Coach Bob Boyd is among the optimists, because he thinks his team "has the potential to be as good as any team we've had here"—meaning it could be as successful as the 1970-71 squad that finished 24-2, losing only to the national champion Bruins.

It is probably a year too early for such dreams to come true. USC's schedule is rough—Houston, Kansas, Duke, Utah and two tough tournaments before the New Year—and its players are young. But what players? Center Cliff Robinson might be the latest talent to come out of Oakland since Bill Russell—at least when he isn't sulking. Last season, as a 17-year-old freshman, he led the Pac-8 in scoring with 18.4 points per game. Robinson insured the Soviet Union with a U.S. team last summer, and the trip seems to have strengthened his game and improved his attitude.

Robinson is only one of four young stars in USC's frontcourt. Sophomore Forward Purvis Miller, 6' 7", started all but six games last season, got good grades—a 3.0 average—plays good defense and is easily the steadiest performer in Southern Cal's lineup. "Purvis takes care of business, period," says Boyd. In the opposite cor-

ner, the business will probably be shared by the most heralded pair of freshmen in America, Leonel Marquetti and Maurice Williams. Both are graduates of Verbum Dei High in Watts, the same powerhouse that produced UCLA's duo of David Greenwood and Roy Hamilton. Although Williams is the better shooter, Marquetti has been getting more ink because of his incredible leaping.

Along with Marquetti and Williams, USC brought in 5' 10" Dean Jones, a deft ball handler who was California's Junior College Player of the Year. Chances are he will start in the backcourt along with senior Steve Smith. It is a good indication of how strong Southern Cal figures to be that Jones' presence is likely to relegate second-team All-Pac-8 Don Carrino to a substitute's role. Another up-off on USC's poten-

continued



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tail is that the Trojans, who finished the 1977-78 season with a 14-13 record, lost Smith to a knee injury after their eighth game. He scored 25 points in each of Southern Cal's victories over Duke and New Mexico. Smith is now in top shape, and that means the Trojans should play at top form.

And they should play harder, too. "I plan to raise the intensity of the team," says Boyd. True to his word, in preseason practices Boyd drove his players "past the point they're used to going." His aim is clearly to push his players to a point that USC has rarely attained—the conference title.

12 MICHIGAN

When Center Phil Hubbard injured his left knee in practice last October, a pull settled over the Michigan team. As a freshman and sophomore, Hubbard had averaged 17 points and 12 rebounds a game while the Wolverines went 25-7 and 26-4. In the summers of 1976 and '77 he had played on U.S. teams that won Olympic and World University Game gold medals. "After he went down, I just wasn't right for a couple of weeks," says Coach Johnny Orr.

Even without Hubbard, Michigan had a 16-11 record and finished fourth in the Big Ten. "It was a great job, considering we didn't have a center," Orr says.

Now the Wolverines have one. Following surgery and a year of rehabilitation, Hubbard has returned, and the despair of a year ago has given way to giddy optimism. "I sincerely believe we have better speed, better shooting, better rebounding and better depth than anytime since I've been here," says Orr, who has a 177-88 record at Michigan. And Hubbard's comeback does more than improve the defense and inside offense. According to Orr, "The players are more relaxed now, and they're playing better just because he's out there. He's that kind of inspiration to us."

In fact, he's so much an inspiration that Guard Tom Stator, one of three starters back from last year, says, "On a bad night we'll be great. On a good night we'll be unstoppable."

Hubbard sounds no less confident. Last year he was so depressed that he couldn't bear to watch practice. Now he says, "I figure, if I can play not too much can go wrong." But Phil, what about Michigan State and Indiana? What about your non-conference games against Alabama, Louisville, Dayton and Notre Dame? His answer: "Everybody is good until you beat them."

That may be overdoing it a bit, but the Wolverines do have good reason to feel optimistic. They welcome back not only Hubbard, but also 6'5" All-Big Ten Forward Mike McGee, who finished second in conference scoring with a 21.8-point average. The other starters are Stator, a defensive specialist; Forward Allan Hardy, who averaged 12 points and six rebounds a game; and Guard Mark Louie, a former sixth man Orr is so sure he has

enough talent among his regulars and on the bench that he isn't hurrying along his three prize freshmen, all of whom ranked among the country's top 100 high school prospects last year.

With Hubbard and McGee, Michigan is in the unusual situation of having two experienced stars who have never played together. "It shouldn't be a problem," McGee says. "I'm not selfish, and Phil isn't either." Less one of them hog the ball, Orr will keep McGee at forward instead of putting him at his more natural position, guard. "Mike could be a dominating player at guard," Orr says, "but we can't do that to our other players. We win with our balance, by putting four or five players in double figures."

Orr has also decided that center is Hubbard's best position, though he used to think Phil's size (6'7") made him better suited to forward. Now Orr likes the way Hubbard uses his quickness and outside shooting against bigger men, while more than holding his own under the boards. But no matter where Hubbard plays, any position is better than the imposition of not playing at all.

13 SAN FRANCISCO

The scene in the University of San Francisco's cory gym has changed a lot. Coach Bob Gaillard is off promoting sneakers. Leading scorer Winford Boynes and mighty slam-dunker James Hardy joined the NBA rather than play their senior seasons. And Chabby Cox, the top man in assists, completed his eligibility. Loving a coach and three outstanding players would run most teams, but the Dons will not only survive, they very likely will also be champs of the tough West Coast Athletic Conference again.

The main reason for such optimism is 7'1" Center Bill Cartwright, who last season scored 20.6 points a game, took down an average of 10.5 rebounds and was MVP in a league full of imposing centers, including 6'10" Edgar Jones of Nevada-Reno, 7-foot Jawuan Oldham of Seattle, 6'11" Ray Ellis of Pepperdine and 6'10" Mark McNamara of Santa Clara. And Cartwright should be even more effective this year. Last summer he undertook a demanding conditioning program, which, according to new Coach Dan Belluomini, has redistributed his 235 pounds to good effect.

At times Belluomini will use both Cartwright and an extraordinarily mobile 7-foot freshman, Wallace Bryant, at the same time. Bryant and Cartwright could be a devastating double-post combination, recalling the duo of 7'2" Aris Gilmore and 7-foot Pembroke Burrows III that led Jacksonville to the NCAA final round eight years ago. Another new face is that of Bill Reid, a 6'5" point guard who started for New Mexico two years ago before transferring to USF and sitting out a season. Reid does not have great shooting range, but he is intensely competitive and versatile enough to play a wing, too.

Returning with Cartwright is Forward Doug Jemson, who hails from Jerry Lucas' home-



town of Middletown, Ohio, where, if these two citizens are fair examples, the local specialty is breeding tough rebounders. To back up the Cartwright-Jenson nucleus, Belluomini brought in two high school stars. Guy Williams, 6'8", has the ball-handling skills to play guard if need be, and 6'5" Ken McAlister was a prep All-America in football and basketball.

But even with all this talent around him, it is Cartwright who will be in the spotlight. The ball will be his when the competition is the toughest; last season he hit 23 points against North Carolina and 27 in the Don't loss to Cal State-Fullerton in the NCAA's.

Belluomini is a native San Franciscan who played at USF in the mid-'60s. After coaching high school and junior college teams,

he worked as a Gaillard assistant for six seasons. He is following in quite a tradition, because under such distinguished coaches as Pete Newell, Phil Woolpert, Pete Peletta and Gaillard, USF has won two NCAA, one NIT and 12 league titles. That's not bad for a school once known as the St. Ignace College Gray Fog.

Had Boyries and Hardy stayed around, Belluomini's first team would have been a contender for USF's third NCAA title. Without them, he will probably have to settle for the WCAC crown and an early-round loss in the NCAA's.



14 KANSAS

Kansas basketball tradition is a familiar story. Adolph Rupp, Dean Smith and Wilt Chamberlain played there. James Naumath and Phog Allen coached there. The Jayhawks have won more games than any college team except Kentucky. But there is a less appreciated tradition behind the tradition—the ritual of unrealistic expectations. Kansas is never supposed to lose, yet the Jayhawks have had three seasons of 500 or below in the past 10. Another rash of unreasonable forecasts is burdening this year's team, which has lost six veterans, including three starters, from the 1977-78 club that went 24-5. Nonetheless, one poll has Kansas second in the nation.

That is expecting too much. For the Jayhawks to finish that high, 255-pound Center Paul (Big Mo) Mokeski will have to rampage like the Incredible Hulk. He has come close on occasion. In last season's NCAA regionals, the 7'1" Mokeski outperformed UCLA All-America David Greenwood, 18 points to 14 and 12 rebounds to 10. Unfortunately, Mokeski fouled out of that game and seven others and averaged just 23.3 minutes a start. At times this season his floormates will be four guards. Under these conditions, leading Kansas to the No. 2 spot would be a tall order, even for Mokeski. "Two things are important, that Paul get himself in terrific shape and stay out of foul trouble," says Coach Ted

Owens. Mokeski wants to do more. "I'm going to have to rebound better and take over the scoring," he says. His frontcourt partners, Johnny Crawford, who averaged only 1.6 points a game last season before being declared scholastically ineligible, and Bertie Neal, a 2.6 scorer, will do their best to lighten Mokeski's load. But their best is certainly going to have to improve.

Kansas is stronger at guard. Durrell Valentine, a sophomore, led the Big Eight in steals and assists in a freshman while scoring a team-high 13.5 points per game. Wilmore (Little Mo) Fowler completes a formidable starting backcourt. Owens calls Fowler a "potential 55% shooter"; now that Little Mo has learned to pull up before taking his jumpers, he could hit his potential.

But matching last year's record may depend mostly on freshmen. Fortunately Kansas has three of the nation's best in Tony Guy, a 51% shooter in high school, Forward David Magley, Indiana's Mr. Basketball last season, and 6'10" Mark Snow, who broke Bill Walton's shot-blocking record at Helix High in La Mesa, Calif. Only Guy is likely to help immediately. On occasion, Owens may even decide to use Valentine, Fowler, Guy and senior Brad Sanders in place, giving the Jayhawks a four-guard lineup.

With its fast-break offense and pressure defense, Kansas will be as entertaining as ever, but success may turn more on how well the Jayhawks rebound off the defensive board. They will be tested early and often, with road games at Kentucky, Southern California, San Diego State and Michigan State. "A 20-6 record is the least we need for an at-large bid to the NCAA's," Owens said at a preseason team meeting. More likely, the Jayhawks will get an automatic bid by repeating as Big Eight champions. That is not too much to expect.

15 DAYTON

Last season Dayton suffered most of its 10 losses because it did not have enough muscle. And since the Flyers' leading rebounder was a senior, Coach Don Donohue did not have a hard time figuring out that what he needed was size. His recruiting succeeded so well that now Dayton has its biggest—and one of its youngest—teams ever. The Flyers have five players who stand between 6'8" and 6'10", and only one is an upperclassman. "Basketball's still a game of quickness," says Donohue, "but it's difficult to recruit the burners. The alternative is to play bigger. A lot of teams have had success with power and muscle, so I decided to get with it. We're made big, too, by the fact that Passon plays guard."

Senior Jim Passon, 6'6" and one of the best-kept secrets in college basketball, is the main reason Dayton is expecting one of its best teams since the early 1950s, when Passon's dad was a star forward.



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If you've considered buying a 35mm single lens reflex camera, you may have wondered how to find the right one out of the bewildering array of models and features available.

And with good reason, since the camera you choose will have a lot to do with how creative and rewarding your photography will be.

What you pay for your camera shouldn't be your only consideration, especially since there are some very expensive cameras that won't give you some of the features you really need. So ask yourself how you'll be using the camera and what kind of pictures you'll be taking. Your answers could save a lot of money.

How automatic should your camera be?

Basically, there are two kinds of automatic 35mm SLR's. Both use advanced electronics to give you perfectly exposed pictures with point, focus and shoot simplicity. The difference is in creative control.

For landscapes, still lifes, portraits and the like, you'll want an aperture-priority camera. It lets you set the lens opening, while it sets the

shutter speed automatically.

This way, you control depth-of-field. That's the area of sharpness in front of and behind your subject. Many pro-photographers believe that depth-of-field is the most important factor in creative photography.

At times you may want to control the motion of your subject. You can do this with an aperture-priority camera by changing the lens opening until the camera sets the shutter speed necessary to freeze or blur a moving subject. Or you can use a shutter-priority camera, on which you set the shutter speed first and the camera sets the lens automatically.

Minolta makes both types of automatic cameras. The Minolta XG-7 is moderately priced and offers aperture-priority automation, plus fully manual control. The Minolta XD-11 is somewhat more expensive, but it offers all the creative flexibility of both aperture and shutter-priority automation, plus full manual control. The XD-11 is so advanced that during shutter-priority

operation it will actually make exposure corrections you fail to make.

Do you really need an automatic camera?

Automation makes fine photography easier. But if you do some of the work yourself, you can save a lot of money and get pictures every bit as good.

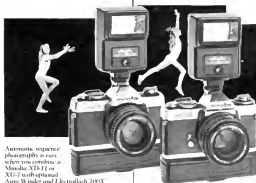
In this case, you might consider a Minolta SR-T. These are semi-automatic cameras. They have built-in, through-the-lens metering systems that tell you exactly how to set the lens and shutter for perfect exposure. You just align two indicators in the viewfinder.

What to expect when you look into the camera's viewfinder

The finder should give you a clear, bright view of your subject. Not just in the center, but even along the edges and in the corners. Minolta SLR's have bright finders, so that composing and focusing are effortless, even in dim light. And focusing aids in Minolta

Minolta makes all kinds of 35mm SLR's, so our main concern is that you get exactly the right camera for your needs. Whether that means the advanced Minolta XD-11, or the easy-to-use and moderately priced Minolta XG-7. Or the very economical Minolta SR-T cameras.





Automatic sequence photographs is easy when you combine a Minolta XD-11 or XG-7 with optional Auto Winder and 1 to 1/1000 200X.

viewfinders make it easy to take critically sharp pictures.

Information is another thing you can expect to find in a well-designed finder. Everything you need to know for a perfect picture is right there in a Minolta finder.

In the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, red light emitting diodes tell you what lens opening or shutter speed is being set automatically and warn against under- or over-exposure. In Minolta SR-T cameras, two pointers come together as you adjust the lens and shutter for correct exposure.

Do you need an auto winder?

You do if you like the idea of sequence photography, or simply want the luxury of power assisted film advancing. Minolta auto winders will advance one picture at a time, or continuously at about two per second. With advantages not found in others, like up to 50⁺ more pictures with a set of batteries and easy attachment to the camera without removing any caps. Optional auto winders are available for both the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, but not for Minolta SR-T cameras.

How about electronic flash?

An automatic electronic flash can be added to any Minolta SLR for easy, just about foolproof indoor photography without the bother of flashbulbs. For the XD-11 and XG-7, Minolta makes the Auto Electroflash 200X. It sets itself automatically for flash exposure, and it sets the camera automatically for use with flash. An LED in the viewfinder signals when the 200X is ready to fire. Most

unusual, the Auto Electroflash 200X can fire continuously in perfect synchronization with Minolta auto winders. Imagine being able to take a sequence of 30 flash pictures without ever taking your finger off the button.

You should be comfortable with your camera.

The way a camera feels in your hands can make a big difference in the way you take pictures.

The Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, for instance, are compact, but not cramped. Lightweight, but with a solid feeling of quality. Oversized controls are positioned so that your fingers fall naturally into place. And their electronically controlled shutters are incredibly smooth and quiet.

Minolta SR-T's give you the lift and weight of a slightly larger camera, but with no sacrifice in handling convenience. As in all Minolta SLR's, "human engineering"

insures smooth, effortless operation. Are extra features important? If you use them, there are a lot of extras that can make your photography more creative and convenient. Depending on the Minolta model you choose, you can get multiple exposures with pushbutton ease.



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ward, Jim Sr. began taking his son to games and to basketball camps when the younger Paxson was barely big enough to hold a ball. Ever since, Jim Jr. has concentrated on hoops so much that now he is one of the smartest and best players in the country.

In a typical game last season, against Louisville, Paxson scored 18 points, had six steals and made his defenders look foolish with the ease with which he got open. "Jim really knows how to maneuver," says Donohue. Paxson never seems to get tired, either. He averaged almost 37 minutes a game, which was nearly as impressive a statistic as his 17.4 scoring average and 52.1% shooting. He also led Dayton in assists and steals and usually guarded the opponent's best man.

This season Paxson will be the steady influence on the young Flyers. His mate at guard, Jack Zimmerman, a junior, is experienced enough, but 6' 9" Richard Montague, the regular at center, is a sophomore. And 6' 10" freshman Mike Kaneski and soph David Abel may both be in the lineup, if they win a three-way battle with Tim Pohlman for the two starting forward spots. The runt of the freshmen is 6' 2" Dan Bockhorn, son of former Flyer star Arlen Bockhorn. The rest of the class includes a 6' 5" guard, Sean McNally, and George Morrison (6' 10", 225 pounds) and Mike Gorney (6' 9", 225).

Of course, bigger does not necessarily mean better, and the Flyers are faced with their usual tough schedule, which includes Notre Dame, Louisville and Michigan. Nevertheless, Dayton fans cannot wait to see what Donohue will do with all his good, big talent, however raw it may be. Their high expectations are understandable because they know—if few folks elsewhere do—that Donohue has been as good as any coach the past 15 years. Although working at a private Catholic school where the enrollment (6,000) and budget are modest, Donohue has won 65% of his games.

Donohue is excited, too, but in a low-key way. "We all think we'll be national contenders," he says, "but you never know. Last year, for the first time since '74, we were able to go on the road and be in contention against the best teams. We lost some, of course, but this year maybe we'll do better. If we work hard, we ought to win our share." And the Flyers' share ought to be 20 victories or more.

16 NEBRASKA

The Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1978-79 should turn out to be no less explosive than its 1854 predecessor. Consider the matchups: the renowned Jayhawk fast break against the celebrated Cornhusker defense; big Kansas Center Paul Mokeski against agile Nebraska Prosem Carl McPhee; Jayhawk playmaking Guard Darrell Valentine against Cornhusker smoothie Brian Banks. On



paper, the teams are close. What makes Kansas the favorite in the Big Eight is Nebraska's tendency to fold. Last year the Cornhuskers won their first 10 and were 19-3 on one point, but faded to finish at 22-8. Ranked in the Top 20 on three occasions, they lost their next game each time. "It was difficult to maintain high intensity," says Terry Novak, the captain of that team. "Maybe we got worn out by the practices." Adds Forward Curt Hedberg, a graduate student in architecture who is still eligible for the variety under a new NCAA regulation, "Every year I've been here we've peaked and burned out. The coaches have let up a little in preseason practices this year, which is a good sign."

For Nebraska to challenge Kansas, the 6' 8" McPhee cannot afford to burn out—or fold out. He was in foul trouble in 19 of 30 games last season. "I have to be smoother," he says, "and keep my hands to myself." If he can stop being so aggressive, McPhee should be the best center in the Big Eight. His statistics last season—15.3 points and 7.9 rebounds a game—were impressive enough. Back then he was spelled by 6' 7" Andre Smith, one of the country's best substitutes. An excellent shot inside of 15 feet, Smith came off the bench to score 21 points against Colorado and 18 against Kansas State. Having improved his rebounding, he will start this season in Novak's vacated forward spot. Hedberg, swingman Bob Moore and freshman Jerry Shoecraft, who starred on the Indiana championship high school team, will give Nebraska an excellent forecourt—if McPhee is not forced to the bench too often.

Then there is Banks, a ball hawk, playmaker and shooter extraordinaire. Banks came out of the infirmary to engineer a 62-58 upset over Kansas, and he does less dramatic things well, too. "He can draw a charge better than anyone I know," says Novak. In fact, Coach Joe Cipriano kept Banks busy doing so many things that he tended to tire. "I know that Brian didn't get enough rest in the past," Cipriano says. "Now we have Jack Moore, and he should give it to him." Jack is no relative of Bob, but he was a teammate of Shoecraft in Indiana. Though only 5' 10", he was the MVP in the Hoosier high school tournament. Both Banks and Moore should stay fresh, thanks to a stifled third guard, Mike Nadener.

Nebraska's man-to-man defense, eighth best in the country last season, is coached by Hank Iba's son Moe. "Everybody in the conference is scared of our defense," says Cipriano, "and they have a right to be. Of course, we have to outfox them because we're so small. We lost the best defensive player in the conference in Novak, but I think we'll improve on offense." The Cornhuskers had better, because their deliberate attack has frequently been a weakness. Although Cipriano expects to rely on his usual give-and-go offense that works for shots after two or three passes, in his wilder moments he envisions speedy Bob Moore scoring at the end of an occasional fast break.

"We did wear down last season," says Cipriano. "We had to play with such intensity. This year we won't because our players will get more rest." Which means that fans in Kansas and Nebraska will not get a moment's relaxation.

continued



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17

SYRACUSE

Not long ago, Syracuse Center Roosevelt Bouie spent a long peaceful day fishing on Lake Oneida in upstate New York. Bouie is 6' 11" and weighs 235 pounds, so it takes a good-sized fish to impress him. He caught five muskie that day, all of them, by his estimation, whoppers. Bouie considered the fishing as time well spent, because he viewed it as a precedent setter for the season ahead, during which he intends to help the Orange hook some big fish.

Syracuse was 22-5 last season before losing in the opening round of the NCAA playoffs, but Bouie was criticized for averaging only about 10 points a game, fourth best on the team. This year he is anxious to change things. "I always knew I could score," he says, "but last year it wasn't always necessary for me to shoot. This year I want to be part of the show."

Indeed, Syracuse Coach Jim Boeheim is mystified by the heat his center took. With Marty Byrnes, an eventual first-round NBA draft choice, Dale Shackelford and Louis Orr on hand, Boeheim never expected Bouie to contribute much offensively.

Now Syracuse must count on Bouie's scoring, and Boeheim was encouraged by his junior center's 22-point average during the Orangemen's seven-game tour of Italy last summer. And more scoring doesn't mean less rebounding and defense. "My 'D' is very important to me," says Bouie, who blocked 84 shots last season.

Shackelford, a 6' 6" ex-swingman, will be a regular at forward this year, and Orr, a 6' 8" toothpick—at 185 pounds, he's 25 pounds heavier than last season—will man the other frontcourt spot. Shackelford, Syracuse's best all-round player, will direct the offense most of the time. Despite a poor outside shot, he hit enough shots in 1977-78 to average 14.1 points per game. If the versatile Orr doesn't splinter, he should add about 18 a game.

Syracuse saw 17 zone defenses in 26 regular-season games last year, and though Boeheim says this squad will shoot better overall, he is somewhat troubled by his backcourt. Sophomore Eddie Moss will probably be the starting point guard, and junior Hal Cohen will fill the other spot. Cohen averaged only 6.6 points a game last season, but he is expected to be the zone buster. "The kid's already in the Hall of Fame," says Boeheim. Indeed, Cohen once hit 598 consecutive free throws during a high school practice session, and the ball he used is now on display.

Syracuse will be deep, with Marty Head and Rick Harmon helping out in the backcourt and 6' 11" Dan Schayes able to play anywhere in the front line. But the best things Syracuse may have going for it are its schedule—which is weak—and a decided home-court edge. The Orangemen play 16 games in Manley Field House, where they have lost only five games in this decade.

are 6' 8" Ted Kitchel, 6' 9" Landon Turner and 6' 5" Randy Whitman, all quality freshmen. So, predictably, about the only person in Bloomington who is not enthusiastic about Indiana's prospects this season is Coach Bobby Knight. "We're a year or two away," he says. Well, the Hoosiers may have trouble replacing the likes of Wisman and Radford, who scored 20.5 points a game between them. But rather than having far to go, Indiana figures to go fairly far, because of a strong nucleus of returning players in the forecourt and because of all those good freshmen.

Some observers feel that Knight did a better coaching job last season than he did two years ago with his unbenched national champions. Besides being young, the team that closed so fast was also small, with a 6' 9" center, a slinky 6' 5" forward and no other starter taller than 6' 3". Nevertheless, the Hoosiers played their motion offense and pressure man-to-man defense well enough to beat everybody in the Big Ten at least once.

Still, the coach insists. "We've got to do three things better to be a good team. First, we have to improve considerably on our rebounding. Second, we have to become a team that it's more difficult to move the ball against. And third, we have to be pretty tough handling the ball. And the fact that we lost Wisman, our best ball handler, is an indication that that's a real void for us."

At least 10 or 11 players will see duty for Indiana until a combination is found that does those things well. Scoring should be no problem, especially when 6' 5" Mike Woodson, who swings between guard and forward on offense, has the ball. Woodson can put it on the hoop but it is felt that he should rebound more and play better defense. To improve the rebounding, Woodson may play more frequently at guard, leaving Kitchel, Turner, Steve (The Grizzly) Risley and 6' 9" Ray Tolbert, a sophomore who was the Hoosiers' top rebounder last year, to battle under the boards.

To upgrade its ball handling, Indiana will use Woodson, Butch Carter, Whitman and, most notably, 6' 2" sophomore Tommy Baker, who seems most able to replace Wisman as floor leader.

Last year Knight eschewed postgame press conferences in favor of handouts distributed by his sports information office. Nor does he show signs this year of adopting a reasonable stance toward the press, as a radio announcer recently found out. The visitor made the mistake of asking the coach about some Indiana players who quit two years ago.

"You know," said Knight, "if I were a broadcaster, I would hope that I would be intelligent enough to ask questions that pertain to the present. But I guess you're not that intelligent."

So the announcer asked about the present. Would Knight talk about the upcoming Big Ten race?

"No," said Knight, concluding the interview.

19

MISSISSIPPI ST.

Jim Hatfield was brave enough, or crazy enough, to take the coaching job at Southwestern Louisiana in 1974. This was right after the NCAA had dropped a bomb on Southwestern's program, reducing it to rubble with a megaton of penalties for recruiting violations. But Hatfield beat the bushes to flush out the kind of prospects needed to make Southwestern respectable again. His records for his three seasons were 7-19, 19-8 and 21-8, a comeback of such startling proportions that Mississippi State came after Hatfield as soon as it is found out that Ron Garrett, the Southeastern Conference

continued

18

INDIANA

Last season's Indiana team, the youngest in Hoosier history, was the Big Ten's best down the stretch, winning 10 of its last 11 games for a 20-victory season and a berth in the NCAA tournament. Only guards Jim Wisman and Wayne Radford are gone from that squad. Stepping in to help out—although not primarily in the backcourt—

ference Coach of the Year in 1977-78, was leaving for Murray State, his alma mater.

For Hatfield, the Mississippi State job is a homecoming of sorts. He has lived in every SEC state except Georgia, and confesses, "I'm addicted to SEC basketball." That should have been reason enough to take the Bulldogs job, but there were other attractions. "I was impressed by the facilities and the commitment at Mississippi State," says Hatfield, "and I know I never again wanted to go through a rebuilding program like I did at Southwestern."

The team he inherited is just about ready-made. The Bulldogs were 18-9 last season and came within a dribble or two of upsetting eventual NCAA champion Kentucky in Lexington. Their runner-up finish in the SEC was their best since the last of Babe McCarthy's teams won the title in 1963, one of four times Mississippi State either won or tied for the championship during McCarthy's colorful regime. "We've got some tradition and we're trying to build on it," Hatfield says. "They tasted a little success here last year, and we have the chance to be very good this year. The kids know it, and they've worked hard and made lots of sacrifices."

They have had to, because Hatfield is the third coach at State in three years. With so much to teach in so short a time, he has asked a lot in preseason practice. The Bulldogs got up early three days a week to work on their offense from 6:15 to 7:15, practiced defense in the afternoons and had skull sessions after dinner.

Under Hatfield, Mississippi State will fast-break more often than it did under Greene and will attempt to exploit more fully the myriad talents of 6'10" Ricky Brown, the best center in the league. Brown, a junior, injured his left eye in practice last fall and averaged only 13.4 points and 6.9 rebounds. Those stats were only so-so for the school's most talented player since Bailey Howell. "Ricky's strong around the hoop and he has a soft touch outside," Hatfield says, "but I've got to admit he has been inconsistent. Still, things seem to be looking up. For stretches of 15 minutes or so, he has shown as much intensity and played as hard and as well as any big man I've ever seen." Because Brown's eye no longer bothers him, how far he and his team—can go will be determined by his enthusiasm or lack of it. Certainly he will have plenty of opportunities to show his stuff. "If we don't get the quick break on the break, we're going to be inside-oriented, you can bet on that," says Hatfield.

Helping Brown inside will be Wiley Peck, who excels in rebounding (18.4 per game), shooting (57.3%) and defense, and John Adams, a transfer who was Tennessee Tech's No. 2 scorer a couple of years ago. The guards will be Ray White, who led the team in scoring, with a 14.5 average, and in assists, and Greg Ginn, who came off the bench to hit seven straight bombs over Kentucky's tough 1-3-1 zone last year in Starkville.

The Bulldogs will play pressure man-to-man defense most of the time, which is a dangerous tactic considering the potential foul trouble and Mississippi State's thin bench, where there isn't a single accomplished performer. But that's a minor concern to a man who has been through as much as Hatfield has. "It's a pleasure to be here," he says. "Believe me." And it is likely to get more pleasurable as the season wears on.

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RHODE ISLAND

Sylvester (Sly) Williams, a 6'7" forward of extraordinary ability, spent his first two years at Rhode Island behaving as if he had understated Marvin Barnes, late of nearby Providence. Often tardy for practice or a no-show, Sly seemed, as the players put it, to have an attitude on. Sometimes his play was lackluster, and he even skipped a couple of the Rams' less important games. This year, however, Sly has often come early to practice, and sometimes he has stayed late. According to Coach Jack Kraft, Williams' attitude has "completely changed for the better." Kraft also says that Sly has taken a "conscious interest" in his responsibilities.

Back in the days when Sly was presumably unconscious and uninterested, he did not do too badly for himself. As a sophomore last season, he averaged 19.4 points and 8.8 rebounds a game and led the Rams in six offensive and two defensive categories. With 27 points and nine rebounds, he single-handedly almost knocked off Duke in an early round of the NAAs. In losing 61-62 to the Blue Devils, the Rams came within two points of having an open road to the final four of the national tournament. Unhappily, without Sly, Rhode Island's chances of being a success this year are nil. He must stay interested and, on some nights, play unconsciously for Rhode Island to surpass last season's 24-7 record.

The Rams' most obvious weakness is the absence of a tested point guard to replace Jiggy Williamson, who before graduating ran their 1-3-1 offense. The candidates are Nick Johnson, a 6-foot-6 forward who averaged 31 points last year, 5'10" Vic Bernaglio, a 2.7 scorer; and Kevin Whiting, a 6'2" freshman who averaged more than 30 points a game as a high school senior. Kraft has even toyed with the idea of using Sly at the point, which would give him a lineup in which everyone would be 6'4" or taller, but it would probably take a spectacular failure by the three smaller men to prompt Kraft to sacrifice Williams' baseline scoring.

Irv Chaman, 6'8", is solid at center, especially on defense. However, he was only second, to Williams, among the Rams in rebounding last season, and he must improve his board work if the team is to run consistently, as Kraft hopes it will. John Nelson will probably start as small forward, and because he is a gifted outside shooter—he hit 54% of his shots last year—he may be moved to guard in a pinch. That would open a frontcourt spot for Jimmy

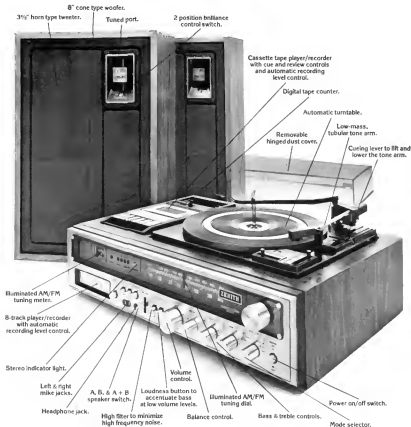
Wright, who is better than his 33% shooting from the field indicates, or freshman Roland Houston, an all-star whom Kraft, formerly of Villanova, hunted out of Philadelphia.

The man who could join with Sly to clinch a spot in the rankings for Rhode Island by season's end is 6'5" Forward Gibson DeJesus of Sao Paulo and the Brazilian national team. The crafty Kraft mumbles on about how it might take all year for DeJesus to adjust to American-style ball. Some of the Rams, who played against him during a South American tournament last summer, are sure DeJesus can be their savior sooner than that.

CONTINUED



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THE BEST OF THE REST



Beginning with a midnight workout on the first official day of practice and continuing through two grueling weeks of twice-daily drills, the first one starting at 6:30 a.m., new Georgia Coach Hugh Durham has been trying to transform the perennially talented but usually abysmal Bulldogs from a stodgy, zone-oriented, slowdown team into the kind of speed demons that he won with at Florida State. In Walter Daniels, Durham inherits one of the two best guards in the SEC. He also has a big man in 6' 10" Lavon Mercer and a sometime star in 6' 9" Lucius Foster. Pressure for playing time from freshman Eric Marbury should force Foster to produce more regularly. The Bulldogs have also gotten incentive from the faculty. Last year they shot .630 from the free-throw line, and Durham recently received a letter that read, "Last Christmas I beat my son and grandson in foul-shooting contests with an average of around 75%. If by my 70th birthday the Georgia team is not shooting 75%, I am inclined to come down there as an old man and challenge them." The letter was signed by former Secretary of State Dean Rusk, now a professor in the Georgia School of Law.

While a state court tries to decide whether his high school grades were good enough for him to merit an athletic

scholarship, senior Edgar Jones is getting a degree in basketball at Nevada-Reno. Last season, the 6' 10" center was inconsistent, fouled too much and still averaged 16 points and 10 rebounds. If Jones decides to go full bore, the Wolf Pack might best San Francisco for the WCAC title. Defenses can scarcely sag on him, because guards Johnny High and Mike Gray were both 17-point scorers, while Forward Mike Stallings had 11.5 rebounds a game.

Ohio State isn't about to make anyone forget the days of Jerry Lucas and John Havlicek, but the Buckeyes were strong enough after going 16-11 last season that Coach Eldon Miller could afford to lose obstreperous Guard Kenny Page, a 12.3 scorer who transferred to New Mexico after Miller put him on a one-year probation. Kelvin Ransley, a junior who started with four freshmen last year, has already made All-Big Ten and gives Miller an outside threat to go with superior sophomore Center Herb Williams, the 6' 10" Columbus native who was occasionally lockdownman last season, but now seems ready to play.

Virginia Tech has won 59 games in the last three years but was tired of being lost in the shuffle of independents with gaudy records and no NCAA tournament bids. So Tech moved to the Metro 7, where by league tournament time the Gobblers could give Louisville a battle. It isn't that double-figure scorers Wayne Robinson, Tic Price, Les Henson and Marshall Ashford need seasoning. But freshman Dale Solomon, a 6' 8 1/2" 230-pounder, may need a little time to settle down and give Tech an edge on the boards, where it was overmatched in 18 of 27 games last year.

Iowa State has been taking on the look of a Kentucky team since former Wildcat assistant Lynn Nance arrived as head coach in Ames two years ago. Patrolling the middle for Nance is 6' 11" Center Dean Uthoff, who was the nation's third-leading rebounder a year ago. Guard Andrew Parker was the Big Eight's leading scorer, averaging 22.4 points, and Forward Bob Fowler, who followed Nance from Kentucky to Iowa State, scored 15.9 a game in conference play. Nance also brought in several flashy freshmen, including Jo Jo White's cousin Chuckie White and Chicagoan Eric Davis—"a Kentucky-type shooter," says Nance—who once scored 61 points in a high school game.

EAST The race in the ACC should be, as ever, nerve-racking, unpredictable and fairly solid evidence of the conference's overall strength. Should Duke or North Carolina State falter, Maryland, Virginia, Wake Forest, Clemson and North Carolina are waiting to pounce. The Terps, in particular, have an abundance of talent, what with four 50% or better shooters back from last season's 15-13 team. Forwards Albert King and Ernest Graham are capable of scoring almost at will, and Center Larry Gibson may be the most improved player in the league. Maryland is almost as flush in the backcourt and on the bench. In fact, this team may have as much ability as any in the country, save Duke. But all those good bodies may not do Coach Lefty Driesell much good if, like last season, they are equipped with bad heads. The Terps seldom played a brassy brand of ball, and their offcourt activities ran to locker-room shouting matches, a libel suit against a Washington

continued

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newspaper and, ultimately, the dismissal of one player from the team and the transfer of another. Maryland may not be in such dire straits this season, but it has far to go before it can fully regroup.

Virginia has one of last season's outstanding ACC freshmen in Guard Jeff Lamp, who scored 17.3 points a game despite a succession of injuries. The Cavaliers are missing only one regular from the 20-8 squad of 1977-78, and Coach Terry Holland went out and got freshman Jeff Jones to run with Lamp in the backcourt. Wake Forest lost Rod Griffin and has 21.5-point average but it has one of the best freshman groups in the country to complement 6' 11" Larry Harrison and 6' 2" Frank Johnson. Clemson is so deep that it has nine players whom Coach Bill Foster considers equally talented, and North Carolina retains two imposing assets, the stylish playing of Forward Mike O'Koren and the astute coaching of Dean Smith.

Last year Rutgers Coach Tom Young sometimes worried that Center James Bailey was going to launch himself for one of his majestic dunks and not come down until he had reached the NBA. After a brief flirtation with the pros, the 6' 9" Bailey, now a senior and one of the two or three best big men in college, is back to try to duplicate last season's numbers: 116 dunks, 72 blocked shots, 56 steals and 58.5% shooting. If Abdul Anderson pitches in 15 points a game, as expected, and if JC transfer Daryl Strickland, a 6' 5½" leaper, does likewise, Rutgers could be very good.

Four regulars return at Georgetown, which was 23-8 last season, but the Hoyas will be thin on the bench except where 300-pound Coach John Thompson is sitting. Across town, George Washington has 10 players who could start and two who definitely will. Brian Magid, who prefers 30-footers to layups, will be the wing-and-a-prayer guard, and tenacious Mike Zagardo will play the middle.

If La Salle had a center to go with its crackling fast break, it might be readying for a replay of the Tom Gola era. As it is, the Explorers have Michael Brooks, who could be every bit as good as Gola was. Not only is he a 24.9-point-a-game scorer and a 12.8-a-game rebounder, but, says Coach Paul Westhead, "Michael has the tools to go baseline to baseline faster than a speeding bullet."

Penn should once again be the class of the Ivy League, but only if Guard Bobby Willis and Forward Tony Price take command quickly. Otherwise, Princeton will sneak in behind Bob Roma and 6' 11" Tom Young.

With 6' 8" scorer-rebounder Jonathan Moore, Furman should win the Southern Conference race easily. Connecticut, with standout freshman Cornelius Thompson, is likely to be second best in New England to Rhode Island. Only Holy Cross and its 21.7 scorer, Ron Perry Jr., and Fairfield seem capable of disputing that.

MIDEAST A year ago, Kentucky was the unanimous choice to win not only its 31st Southeastern Conference championship, but also its fifth NCAA title. Now, with last season's four senior stars having accomplished the triumphs predicted for them, the Wildcats should do no better than battle Georgia and Alabama for third in the SEC. Despite all this, Coach Joe

Hall's disposition is considerably brighter this season than last. "Actually, it should be more fun with this team," he says. "The pressure is still there; it always is. But this group will be more fun to work with." The group includes impeccable playmaker Kyle Macy; sophomore Chuck Aleksinas, a 6' 10", 258-pound center in the mold of last year's massive star, Rick Robey; relatively inexperienced forwards LaVon Williams and Fred Cowan; and three touted freshmen, Clarence Tillman, Dwight Anderson and Chuck Verderber. Alabama could be an SEC contender once its six good homegrown recruits—the best of whom are Forward Eddie Phillips, the state's top high school player a year ago, and 6' 8½" Center Phillip Lockett—learn to blend with Reggie King, the 6' 6", 225-pound workhorse forward who was conference MVP in 1977-78. And the Tide can afford to wait a while to jell, because for the first time the SEC title will be determined in a postseason tournament. The site of the inaugural: Birmingham.

Minnesota, Purdue and Iowa could each mount a challenge to Big Ten favorites Michigan State, Michigan, Indiana and Ohio State. To compensate for the departure of All-America Mychal Thompson, Minnesota has turned to speed and highly regarded recruits. Coach Jim Dutcher brought in the conference's best crop of freshmen, and three of them could start. Purdue's new coach, Lee Rose, has three things going for him: Center Joe Barry Carroll, who blocked 105 shots last season and dominated the action when he felt like it; deadly outside shooter Jerry Sichting; and an easier schedule. Back at Iowa are 6' 4" Clay Hargrave, the shortest player ever to lead the Big Ten in rebounding, and Guard Ronnie Lester, who was third in the conference in scoring and assists.

In the Mid-American, Miami, which upset Marquette in the NCAA tournament, lost four starters. That leaves Central Michigan, which has the league's best center in Jeff Tropf, to battle Toledo and Bowling Green for the title.

Despite the loss of its coach to Purdue and leading scorer Lew Massey to the pro draft, UNC Charlotte is favored to win its second Sun Belt title in three seasons. New Coach Mike Pruitt, who is only 30 years old, has the conference's most talented player, Chad Kinch, and Forward Kevin King, the 49ers' top rebounder and third-leading scorer, back from last year's 20-7 team. Jacksonville, now coached by Bates Locke, and South Alabama, runner-up in last season's Sun Belt tournament, will be Charlotte's toughest challengers.

At Western Kentucky, another new coach, Gene Keady, will attempt to direct the Hilltoppers to a repeat of last year's performance. Despite a 13-13 regular-season record, Western won the Ohio Valley Conference postseason tournament and then upset Syracuse in the first round of the NAAs. The OVC's other contender, Eastern Kentucky, has four starters back from last season's 15-11 team, including all-conference Forward Lovell Joiner.

With the loss of five players who helped Marquette win the 1977 national championship and took it to a 24-4 record last season, the Warriors are unlikely to have their 13th straight 20-win season. Among the starters, only senior Forward Bernard (Looney) Toomey, a 9.3-point-per-game scorer, returns. But if a 6' 10" local boy, freshman Dean Mar-

continued

quardt, matures rapidly, the Warriors could be surprisingly good. DePaul, another independent, lost its alltime scoring and rebounding leader, 7-foot Dave Corinne, as well as powerful Forward Joe Ponsetto and playmaker Randy Ramsey from last season's 27-3 squad. But Ray Meyer, who is in his 37th year of coaching the Blue Demons, retains three other good players and has added the best high-schooler from the Chicago area, 6' 6½", 240-pound Mark Aguirre. Detroit, snubbed by the NCAA last season despite a 25-4 record, lost its entire front line to graduation. Senior Guard Terry Duerod, the third-leading scorer in 1977-78 with a 17.2 average, is back, and Titan Coach Dave Gaines calls freshman Forward Jerry Davis potentially the best player to come to Detroit since Spencer Haywood.

MIDWEST Yes, Virginia—and Carolina, California and Kansas, for that matter—they do play basketball in the Southwest Conference. In fact, last season the SWC had more teams, three, in postseason tournaments than any conference except the ACC. Houston qualified for the NCAA playoffs by winning the league tournament; 32-4 Arkansas finished third in the NCAAAs; and surging Texas won the NIT. This season Texas is a heavy favorite to win the conference title, but as an indication of the new balance, neither Arkansas, despite All-America Sidney Moncrief, nor Houston, hard hit by graduation, is likely to finish second.

The team that should be Baylor. The Bears retain the services of Vinnie Johnson, who averaged 23 points a game while being double- and triple-teamed, and have added a rich harvest of freshmen, including one with a winning name, Jimmy Carter. Texas A&M, torn by dissension of late, has a new cast that should allow Aggie fans to concentrate on basketball. Center Rudy Woods, a heralded freshman, and Forward Vernon Smith, whom Arkansas Coach Eddie Sutton considers the most talented player in the conference, should hearten A&M rooters. And SMU might be the most improved team in the league, now that Coach Sonny Allen has signed his son Billy, who scored 25 points a game in high school.

Another balanced conference is the Missouri Valley, where even the decision of Indiana State's Larry Bird to stay in college did not send rivals running for cover. Though Bird is the best player in the country, the Sycamores are so weak elsewhere that they are not the Valley front-runners. That role belongs to Southern Illinois, which has nearly everyone back from a 17-10 team. Albert (Slab) Jones of New Mexico State and Lynbert (Ichees) Johnson of Wichita State give their teams more than just nicknames.

Oklahoma should round out the Big Eight's Big Four behind Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa State. Coach Dave Bliss has all his starters back from a 14-13 team and has reaped a bumper crop of freshmen. The four best are 6' 5" or taller, and one of them, 6' 9" Ingram Purvis, is the backup Center Al Beal so sorely needed the last two seasons.

In the Metro Conference, perennial contenders Cincinnati, Memphis State and Florida State won't be within hailing distance of favored Louisville. The best they are likely to do is produce some outstanding individual performances.

Cincy's Pat Cummings, who shot a school-record 64.2% in 1977-78, is the individual most worth watching.

No, the Trans America Conference is not headquartered in a tall, pokey building in San Francisco. The new league consists of the likes of Northeast Louisiana, Houston Baptist and Pan American. Calvin Natt, who, though only 6' 5", is one of the nation's top rebounders, makes Northeast Louisiana the favorite. In another unheralded conference, the Southland, defending co-champion Lamar, with four starters back, is the front-runner.

The best of the Midwest independents is Illinois State, even though Forward Billy Lewis, the Redbirds' leading scorer and rebounder, has graduated, the schedule is tough, and this is Bob Donewald's first college head-coaching job. Donewald has four starters returning from a 24-4 team, and they all had double-digit scoring averages. The Redbirds also have a freshman, Dale White, who shot 69.1% in three high school seasons. That is not a typographical error. An Illinois State record of 25-5 won't be, either.

WEST The top seven scorers from last year's injury-riddled Brigham Young team, which finished 12-18, are back, the brightest of them being Guard Danny Ainge, who made the all-WAC squad and led the nation's freshmen in scoring for most of the season. In addition, Coach Frank Arnold has two good players returning from two-year stints as Mormon missionaries and a promising local freshman, Devin Durrant. Durrant played for the U.S. High School All-Stars against the Kentucky-Indiana All-Stars last summer and was not only MVP of that contest but also won the one-on-one contest held in conjunction with the game.

Unless Durrant turns out to be even better than his credentials indicate, the Cougars will have only the slightest edge over their WAC rivals. Utah lost Jeff Judkins and Buster Matheny but will still be tough. Coach Jerry Pimm can turn to sophomore leaper Danny Vranes, senior Greg Deane and some good newcomers, notably Curt Clawson, the leading high school scorer in Indiana last season. The NCAA finals will be on the Utes' home court, but it is doubtful that any Utah school will make the final four.

Elsewhere in the WAC, New Mexico will be rebuilding—perhaps rapidly, as it has in the past—with junior college transfers, and sophomore-dominated UTEP, led by Center Anthony Burns, should be ready to contend now that the Miners' best players have a season's experience.

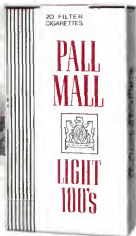
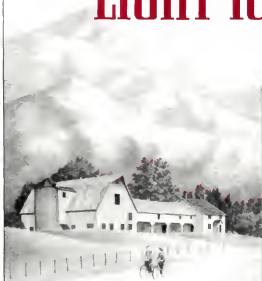
In the Big Sky, Weber State figures to win again; it was first on 34 of 38 ballots in a preseason poll. One good reason is Guard Bruce Collins, the league's best player. Another is that the Wildcats won the league's postseason tournament last March and all the starters are back.

The big news at Las Vegas is still the hassling between the NCAA and Coach Jerry Tarkanian. That doesn't mean UNLV will not be worth a bulletin or two, mainly because some Angelinos left home. Returning starters Earl Evans, a transfer from USC, and Tony Smith will be joined by two redshirts, Center Brett Vroman, a transfer from UCLA, and Guard Flintie Ray Williams, a transfer from Pepperdine.

Oregon State could be the surprise team of the Pac-10

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COLLEGE BASKETBALL *continued*

now that Center Steve Johnson, who had a broken foot last year, has fully recuperated. The Beavers were last in rebounding in 1977-78, but Johnson should change that. The addition of Arizona and, especially, Arizona State to the league will change things, too. The Sun Devils have Guard Blake Taylor and Forward Tony Zeno back, but the State player who figures to really give opposing coaches fits is freshman Greg Goojian, who scored 43.4 points a game at California's Crescenta Valley High. Washington State, which has seven veterans returning from its third-place team, again will be muscular, with 7' 2", 275-pound Center James Donaldson and 6' 11" Stuart House. But State will also be oh so slow.

In the PCAA, Cal State-Fullerton may win the championship again, but Fresno State is also a strong contender. The Bulldogs had the best defense in the nation last year, allowing 52.3 points a game, and should be about as stingy this time around.

Santa Clara won 17 of 20 games during a summer tour of Australia and New Zealand, and the experience the young Broncos gained might have given them just the edge they need to overtake arch-rival USF and Nevada-Reno in the WCAC. Santa Clara will miss Point Guard Eddie Joe Chavez but is solid at three positions: center, with last season's WCAC Freshman of the Year, 6' 10" Mark McNamara; forward, with two-year scoring and rebounding leader Kurt Rambis; and guard, with Londaile Theus, a cousin of former Las Vegas star Reggie. The Broncos almost certainly would have finished better than 21-8 last year had not Rambis gotten the flu in February. The dark horse of the WCAC is Portland Coach Jack Avina has recruited two promising freshmen, Guard Jose Staughter, who was the MVP of Pittsburgh's Dapper Dan high school all-star game, and 6' 10" Bryan Beard. The Pilots also have an exceptional shooter in Reggie Logan, Portland's top scorer the past two years as sixth man. Loyola Marymount, St. Mary's and Seattle don't figure to threaten the WCAC leaders, but Pepperdine might, especially if its Brazilian imports, Cesar Cavalcante and Evaristo Soares, come through. The Waves also have muscular 7-foot Center Ray Ellis and Forward Ollie Matson, who missed last season because of injury.

CONTINUED

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DREAM GAME THAT CANNOT COME TRUE

BY STEVE WULF

Lost in the Babel of northwest Chicago is a school called North Park College and Theological Seminary, 25 acres of campus crammed with mostly nondescript buildings and crawling with pretty, mostly blond people. North Park was founded in 1891 to further the works of the Evangelical Covenant Church of America, and 86 years later it came up with the best NCAA Division III basketball team in the land. That's not exactly the mission the Swedish founders had in mind, but no one's complaining.

North Park is a quiet school, so quiet that back in 1970, while most colleges agonized over the Vietnam war, North Park's students were distressed by a ban on campus dances. It's also a small school, so small that it's hard to find. What you have to do is go to the corner of Foster and Kedzie and look for the charreuse streamer over the gymnasium that proclaims: NORTH PARK VIKINGS, 1978 NCAA BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS. The makers of the banner would not have been overly presumptuous had they added 1979 and 1980, because the Vikings are, in a word, loaded. The top three scorers will be back from a team that finished 29-2 and ended the season with a 21-game win streak.

North Park is located within a chest pass of Chicago's Greek and Spanish neighborhoods, the Bohemian National Cemetery, the Korean Missionary Church and a synagogue. So at this Swedish college they think it is only natural that the basketball coach, Dan McCarrell, is of Irish descent, and his assistant, Bosko Djurickovic, is Serbian. And it is not at all odd that the Vikings' three best players are black, because the North Park student body, though predominantly of Scandinavian extraction, is varied.

The school's main attraction for its diverse students is that it is a bucolic enclave in the nation's second-largest city. The school has 1,167 men and women students, all of whom go bananas over basketball. At one of last season's games the usual raucous crowd of 2,000 included 50 of the country's 550 Evangelical Covenant ministers, who were in Chicago for a theological conference. They cheered so busily that some even seemed to be, ahem, dancing.

During 11 years as North Park coach, McCarrell has usually kept Viking fans hopping. But last season he showed

them some entirely new steps. After winning the College Conference of Illinois and Wisconsin, the Vikings beat Ripon (Wis.), Minnesota-Morris, Humboldt (Calif.) State and Albion (Mich.) to reach the Division III final, in which they overwhelmed Widener of Pennsylvania 69-57. And they did all this with two sophomores and a freshman scoring two-thirds of the points.

The big man is Center Michael Harper, a 6' 10" junior and a resident counselor who averaged 18.5 points and 14.3 rebounds. Junior Modzel Greer, a 6' 7" forward, scored 16 points and had 7.9 rebounds a game, and sometimes will step in at guard to handle the ball.

It wasn't just happenstance that Greer and Harper turned up at North Park. McCarrell attends a million high school games every winter, and when he first saw Harper, he was a needle-thin 6' 5" forward on a mediocre team. Even during Harper's freshman year at North Park, McCarrell wondered if he could play, because he fainted twice during games. No wonder Harper was in the process of growing about three stones in six months. After McCarrell fed him some Nutrament, Harper earned his nickname, the Chicago Eraser. Greer ended up at North Park because the big-time recruiters failed to notice him as he played low post on a guard-oriented offense.

The final—and perhaps biggest—reason for North Park's success was the arrival last season of Michael Thomas, another of this season's classy sophomores. As point guard, Thomas ran the Viking offense and averaged more than 19 points over the last 10 games. He was McCarrell's big catch, because he was the star of Illinois' powerful Proviso East High, several Division I schools wanted him. "The big places confused me," says Thomas, "and I wanted to go where I could play right away and my family could see me."

McCarrell runs a tight practice—"He keeps our heads small and our bodies tired," Thomas says—but he lets the Vikings loose during games. They play a running offense and press almost constantly. When they fail to score off the break or a steal, the Vikings can either work the ball into Harper or let Greer or Thomas fire from afar.

North Park's biggest stumbling block in trying to repeat as champion may be the very nature of Division III basketball. In the last four years there have been four different titlists. This season, California's Whittier College, with All-America Mike Brown, could knock off North Park and make it five different champs. Humboldt State and Widener are strong once more, and Stony Brook (N.Y.) and Albion could very well end up in the final four. But, oddly, perhaps the toughest opponent for North Park will again be left out. "I'd love to play Hamilton," says McCarrell.

Lost in central New York's Mohawk Valley is something off a postcard, called Hamilton College. Though it is 166 years old, Hamilton, which is in Clinton, even has an identity problem in its home state, because New Yorkers get it confused with Colgate University in nearby Hamilton or the Clinton Correctional Facility in Dannemora.

Although hardly anybody has heard of Hamilton—and many of those who have cannot quite remember what or

where it is—the place has a number of famed graduates, Elihu Root, Ezra Pound, Alexander Woolcott and B. F. Skinner among them. But not one of them or many other Hamilton alumni could dunk. That's why it is strange that in the last three years Hamilton's team has gone 66-12. As one old grad wrote, "What the hell's going on up there?"

Because Hamilton cherishes scholarship—it is one of the better colleges in the country—far more than athletics, the Continentals are forbidden to compete in the Division III tournament. They belong to the New England Small College Athletic Conference, and the rub is that the NESCAC prohibits its members from postseason play that occurs more than one weekend after the end of the regular season. The Division III finals are held one week too late.

Every few days or so, Tom Murphy, the basketball coach, curses the rule. "I know that in one of the last three years, we could have won the whole thing," he says. But then Tom Murphy, the tenured professor, calms down. "If the administration stressed athletics, it wouldn't be Hamilton."

Hamilton people point with pride to pages 212-214 of *Sports in America*, where James Michener writes that if he were to run an athletic program, he would run it as Hamilton has. No recruiting budget. No athletic scholarships. Studies first. Hamilton's idea of a perfect record, it seems, is 11-11. That way the players learn equally the lessons of winning and losing.

In Murphy's first season, 1970-71, the Continentals did a lot of work on the losing part. They were 1-15. During the next three years they won a total of 14 games. In the watershed season of 1974-75, Hamilton finished 12-10 and everybody was happy. Then Cedric Oliver arrived.

Oliver learned his basketball in the Bronx and then went to Proctor High in Utica, where he lived with his grandmother. While at Proctor, Oliver more than held his own against Dale Shackelford, now a star at Syracuse. When he had to decide on a college, Oliver's educationally minded grandmother pushed and Murphy dragged him to nearby Hamilton.

In Oliver's first year he led the Continentals to a 22-4 record and the championship of the ECAC region. In '76-77 Hamilton went 21-5 and lost in the Eastern final to Potsdam (N.Y.) State. Last year's 23-3 team was easily the best in the school's history, but the Continentals still

had no business beating Division II power Adelphi by nine points or Division I Colgate by 20, a victory that made Hamilton students cheer in a southwesterly direction.

Murphy has come a long way from the days when he was afraid to show freshmen—they're never called recruits at Hamilton—Alumni Gym, a 38-year-old edifice with all the charm of an old sweat sock. Today Hamilton has a new athletic complex designed by the people who dreamed up the Hartford Civic Center of SNOW CAVES IN ROCK fame. It is hoped that the architects learned their lesson, because the first snow fell in Clinton in September.

Hamilton should be just about as strong this season as it was last. The 6'4" Oliver is back, and he averaged 23.4 points a game, led the Continentals in rebounding and made the Division III All-America team. Three other starters, Center Kevin Grimmer, Forward Billy Southworth and Guard Johnny Magee, return, too.

"I'd love to play North Park," says Murphy. "We don't have too much talent. But we have it here." Murphy points to his heart. In the interest of equal time, the administration would also like him to point to his head.

The NCAA Division II defending champ, Cheyney (Pa.) State, looks tough again, with three of its five starters returning, including star Forward Andrew Fields. Florida Tech, which finished in the final four last year, should be helped by the return of Coach Torchy Clark's son Bo, who

was third in the nation in scoring two years ago before sitting out 1977-78 with an injury. New York Tech, Philadelphia Textile, Eastern Illinois and Wisconsin-Green Bay will all be contenders.

With defending champion Grand Canyon of Arizona rebuilding, the NAIA should be dominated by the Central Intercollegiate Athletic Conference, which includes Norfolk (Va.) State, Winston-Salem (N.C.) State and Hampton (Va.) Institute. Any of the three is capable of being No. 1. The NAIA's mystery team is Winthrop (S.C.) College, which is in its first year of intercollegiate basketball. Two years ago Coach Nield Gordon came up the road a piece from 36-1 Newberry College, bringing with him two not-quite-identical twins (Ronnie Creamer is 6'9", his brother Donnie is 6'10") and 6'11" Alan Ours. Gordon himself is 6'6". Beating Winthrop could be a tall order.



North Park's Thomas is another distinguished sophomore

CONTINUED

THE BEST WOMAN MAY BE A MERE GIRL

BY NANCY WILLIAMSON

The race for the women's national title, now held by UCLA, promises to be a wide-open shoot-out, with any one of 10 teams capable of taking the championship. The outcome may well hinge on the answer to this year's big question: Who is going to replace last season's best seniors, Ann Meyers of UCLA, the first four-time women's All-American, and Montclair State's Carol (Blaze) Blazewski, the nation's leading scorer with a 38.6 average? They led their teams to the final four of the AIAW tournament, and their meeting there, though it occurred in the semifinals, was the title game in all but name.

The players most likely to take their teams to the finals at Greensboro, N.C. would seem to be Old Dominion junior Nancy Lieberman, Tennessee senior Cindy Brogdon

and North Carolina State junior Genia Bessley. But upperclassmen have no lock on the starring roles, because they will be pressed by the best and largest contingent of sophomores ever to play the women's game. "Each year the kids coming in are bigger, better, faster and more numerous," says UCLA Coach Billie Moore. "Four or five years ago I would have had difficulty naming five great players. Now there are 12 in the sophomore class alone."

Heading the list is the Bruins' Denise Curry, a 6' 1" forward. In her first college game, Curry led the UCLA scorers with 27 points and its rebounders with 15 in an 84-70 victory over San Jose State. Twelve days later she set a school single-game scoring record of 30 points, and by the end of the season she had four more UCLA records, three of which had been held by the redoubtable Meyers: most points in one season (610); best field-goal percentage (62.1%, third highest in the nation); best scoring average (20.3 points); and most rebounds in a game (25). "Denise amazes me," says Moore. "She has a fluid, natural style that makes everything look easy, and she's so consistent that I can't name her best game. Even though she's a forward, her ball handling is so good that she often brings the ball up for us, and she's one of the best pure shooters around. She has a tremendous first step, great mobility and upper-body control."

That is high praise for a 19-year-old, but Moore's coaching rivals agree with her assessment. Stephen F. Austin's Sue Gunter, who coached Curry on the U.S. team that took the silver medal in Bulgaria last summer, says, "I've never seen a second-year kid do so much so well. She's an outstanding shooter from inside or from 20 feet, and she can handle the ball like a guard. She's just phenomenal."

The soft-spoken phenomenon from Davis, Calif. began absorbing and perfecting the finer points of basketball when she was five years old. Curry's first teachers were her father Les, who is a high school coach, and her older brother Mike, a starting guard for Montana's Rocky Mountain College. Curry attended all her dad's home games, and Mike always encouraged her to play in the pickup games on the family court. By watching and competing against boys, Curry developed the rugged inside moves that now mark her game. Her shooting touch came easier, perhaps because she is a natural—she was Davis High MVP in hoops, volleyball and softball—but she polished it at summer camps and in one of the best girls' basketball programs in California.

In her three seasons at Davis, Curry averaged 24.9 points and grabbed 14.2 rebounds a game. Her team lost only five of 75 games and won two San Joaquin Section titles, and she was voted California Player of the Year in 1977. She also was the first athlete at Davis—male or female—to have a jersey retired. After more than 30 colleges offered her scholarships, Curry decided on UCLA because of its strong women's program and its high academic standing.

Curry, whose teammates call her Casper because of her pale complexion, may be the best of the sophomores, but she is merely typical of them when it comes to explaining how she became so good. In fact, her words have an ageless quality; these sentiments might have been expressed by

continued



UCLA sophomore Curry is every bit as fine as her finery



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19-year-old men as far back as 30 or 40 years ago. Now those feelings are those of a generation of young women.

"I've wanted to be a basketball player since I can remember," Curry says. "My dad never pushed me, but he was always there if I needed advice. Basketball was always something to look forward to."

"In my sophomore year in high school I was 5' 10", and I thought I might have the potential to earn a scholarship. Since then basketball has been my focal point, my life. I played other sports, but my free hours were spent shooting."

"Offensively my game is sound, but I'm weak on defense. In high school you don't learn defense, so I need to work at being aggressive. I'm not interested in records. I'm shooting to make the trip to Moscow in 1980, but first I want to see us get back to the nationals."

The Bruin schedule includes 16 of the Top 20 teams, for them to return. Moore will again have to look to a freshman—this time she is Melanie Horn—to round out her squad. Horn, a 6' 5" center, needs to be more aggressive,

but Moore is known for developing centers, and she should have Horn faring to go by tournament time. Teaming with Curry and senior playmaker Anita (Juice) Ortega, who has the moves of her namesake, Horn could help bring another championship to UCLA.

As good as the Bruins are, they are not the front-runners for the AIAW title. In Dixie alone there are three teams with deadly gunners and 6' 5" centers who could be more than a match for UCLA. Tennessee has Brogdon, an All-America forward who averaged 21.7 points per game, and Holly Warlick, the fastest guard in the country. To complement that pair, Coach Pat Head imported 6' 5" Center Cindy Noble, a sophomore transfer from Ohio State. Last year the Lady Vols were 27-4 with a 6' 1" center. Noble's inside strength should be enough to take the Vols to the top, but to do so they will have to get past two challengers in their own part of the country, North Carolina State and Old Dominion.

State will host this year's finals at the Greensboro Coliseum. The last time a title game was held there, the Wolfpack upset UCLA in the semis and then beat Marquette to take the 1974 men's crown. Coach Kay Yow is hoping for a replay of sorts, and with all starters back, including Beasley, an All-America forward, she may get her wish.

Old Dominion's second-year coach, Marianne Stanley, is positive she can beat N.C. State—and perhaps everyone. "Last year we all felt like we were walking on eggs," she says, "but now we're relaxed and the championship is not a pipe dream." Returning to lead the attack is Lieberman, who will move her 20.2 scoring average from forward to point guard. She will be missed on the boards, but Stanley has a supporting cast that can take up the slack. It includes 6' 5" junior Center Inge Nissen. All-Canadian transfers Jan

Trombly and Chris Critelli, and swingman Angela Cotman.

While Old Dominion has a pipeline to Canada, Louisiana State has its Australian Connection. In 1977 Aussies Maree Jackson and Julie Gross, both 6' 2", led LSU to a surprising second-place finish in the nationals. Jackson is gone, but Gross returns and will be joined by another 6' 2" Aussie who can shoot, Louise Klaffier. Should Klaffier misfire, Coach Jinks Coleman can turn to Lisa Brewer, who's a shrimp at 5' 7" but a giant from 20 feet.

On paper, Old Dominion and LSU look almost unbeatable, but they play in the two toughest regions of the country. While Old Dominion must contend with North Carolina State and Tennessee, LSU could be upset in the Southwest Regional by Louisiana Tech, which lost Belinda Jones to the new women's pro league but still has sharpshooters Elmer Griffin and Jane Ellen Cook. LSU also must fight off three Texas powerhouses. Wayland Baptist's All-America Guard Kathy Harrison may be out for the season with a knee injury, but smooth Center Jill Rankin could be

enough all by herself to carry the Flying Queens to the national tournament for a fifth time. Trying to shoot them down will be Stephen F. Austin, which has the biggest front line in the country. The Ladyjacks are shaky at guard, but Texas isn't. Coach Jody Conradt brought in Hattie Browning and Ewellia Munn, a pair of junior college All-America backcourt players from Temple (Texas) Junior College. They are quick enough that the Longhorns' lack of height should not be an insuperable obstacle.

In the East, Rutgers and Penn State are vastly improved, but Maryland, the 1978 AIAW runner-up, will again dominate the region. The Terps lost top scorer and quarterback Tara Hess, but sophomore Center Kris Kirchner is back, 10

pounds lighter and much quicker, along with Jane Zivalich and Betty Bailey. All three scored in double figures last season.

Three-time AIAW champ Delta State was upset in the regionals by Valdosta State last year, missing the final four for the first time since 1974. With 6' 2" transfer Jessie Mae Brown and 23.3-point-a-game sophomore Forward Annie Laurie Witherington, the Lady Statesmen are out for revenge—and should get it. If Delta can get past a strong rival in its region, Ole Miss, it could run into a sophomore who is also looking for revenge. Last January in Madison Square Garden, Curry played her worst game in UCLA's 84-78 loss to Delta. "I wasn't in awe of the Garden," she says. "It's a nice place, but the floor has a lot of dead spots. I was just plain awful." She would like nothing better than to match her shot against Witherington's at Greensboro. Thus the title game could be a shoot-out between members of the Class of '81, and it is hoped there will be no dead spots to mess up their performances. These days sophomores notice such things.



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This time Pepper's not red hot

Notre Dame wrecked Georgia Tech, but at least the Irish did not run it up

Pepper Rodgers didn't just attend the Georgia Tech pep rally last Friday night on the eve of the Notre Dame game, he was the head cheerleader. That helped explain the bedlam in Atlanta, for whenever the Georgia Tech coach goes, good and raucous times are not far behind. First, Pepper led the revelers in repeated renditions of *I'm a Ramblin' Wreck* from Georgia Tech, then he shook a yellow and white pompon, grabbed a box of Lucky Charms cereal and screamed, "I love the Yellow Jackets. How 'bout yewwww?" Rolls of toilet paper flew

through the air, banners were raised and cheerleaders urged the students to relive *Animal House*. Pepper was in his element. "I love the Yellow Jackets. How 'bout yewwww?"

Why all the commotion?

Revenge

As every Tech follower well remembered, Notre Dame had demolished the Ramblin' Wreck 69-14 last year at South Bend. Worse, it seemed that Notre Dame Coach Dan Devine, trying to suppress the polsters, had unmercifully rolled up the score. With the Irish clinging to a 62-7 fourth-quarter lead, they ran for a first down on fourth-and-one at midfield—and made it. It's one thing to end up in the ditch, Tech fans felt, it's quite another to have your hub caps slobber while you're waiting for a tow.

For an entire year Georgia Tech had lived with the bitter taste of that awful afternoon and for weeks before last Saturday's game, "69-14" signs had been draped over the Tech campus. Fumed Rodgers, "People who say it doesn't make any difference whether you lose 35-7 or 55-7 haven't played the game." Countered Devine, "I got beat once 35-0

by Nebraska. I've been on both sides of the field. I didn't run up the score."

Behind the scenes was a background of less than warm feeling between the two coaches, going back to the days when Devine was at Missouri and Rodgers at Kansas. Rodgers was once quoted as saying that Devine couldn't win the big games; Pepper, of course, says he was misquoted. And in banquet appearances, Rodgers likes to tell a story that in a game in which Devine was beating him badly, "I flashed him the peace sign and he gave half of it back to me."

Not since playing Alabama when Tech upset the undefeated Crimson Tide, in 1962, had the Tech campus been in such an uproar over a football game. And everyone was loading up with fish, these being the favored missiles in Atlanta when Notre Dame comes to town.

Rodgers had to love it. His free-wheeling gregariousness has rubbed some Tech alums the wrong way. Many of them find Rodgers to be lacking in dignity, citing, as one example, the time he did his television show without wearing socks. Rodgers sniffs, "Alums don't get you fired. They just drive you crazy. The players get you fired."

In almost five years at Tech (he previously coached UCLA as well as Kansas), Rodgers' record is 30-23-1. "I proved a long time ago I wasn't a great coach," he says, "but I always seem to be better where I was than where I am." He says that he tried, but failed, to get his official press guide biography to read only, "Pepper Rodgers has proved everything there is to prove in football. He can coach good players, and he can't coach bad ones."

This season Rodgers seems to have more good players than bad ones. Tech went into the Notre Dame game with seven straight wins after losses to Duke and California, the first time since 1966 that it had won more than four straight. Notre Dame also went into the game with seven successive victories (and two losses), but seven straight for the Irish is just another day at the office. Tech seemed ready. As they got dressed, the players kept shouting "69-14." Running Back Eddie Lee Ivey, who set an NCAA rushing record of 356 yards the previous week against Air Force, promised, "We're going to play mad rather than being mad." And Tech fans were decked out in shirts

continued



White Vagabond gained 255 yards; the Irish held NCAA record breaker Eddie Lee Ivey to 102

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that read HELL, NO, I AIN'T FORGOT.

Once the first luck was made, though, it was clear that Notre Dame—even without Running Back Jerome Heavens, who has a bad knee—was in for a glorious day. In one stretch, Joe Montana completed 10 passes in a row, tying the school record that Angelo Bertelli set in 1942. Vagas Ferguson rushed for 255 yards, breaking the Notre Dame single-game record he set three weeks ago by 36 yards. Final score: not 69-14, just 38-21.

As Tech discovered, emotion doesn't beat Notre Dame. The Yellow Jackets' offensive line was overmatched, and so was its defensive line. Notre Dame got an early field goal by Chuck Male and added second-quarter touchdowns on a 26-yard Montana-to-Pete Pallas pass and a 20-yard run by Ferguson for a 17-0 lead.

Late in the first half, Ivey, who was to rush for 102 yards for the day, threw a scoring pass to Wingback Bucky Shamburgher, reducing the margin to 10 points. Rodgers, though, was downcast in the locker room. "They are too big and too physical, which is no surprise," he said. "They've only been that way since Rockne." Student-trainer Allen Lawrence had a diastolic assessment. "We peaked too early with all that rah rah, pep rally stuff," he said.

And the Irish rolled on. Linebacker Bob Golic intercepted a pass early in the third quarter to kill a minor Tech threat. Then Montana took over, scoring one touchdown on a plunge and passing five yards to Kris Haines for another. Notre Dame's final score came on Jim Stoen's five-yard run. And the Irish were going to the Cotton Bowl once again.

With 2:24 to play, Tech fans began hurling debris at Notre Dame. Not helping matters was Grant Field's seating arrangement, with the Tech student section behind the visitors' bench. Fish, ice cubes and, ultimately, liquor bottles were tossed out of the stands. When a pint rum bottle landed nearby, Devine picked it up and ran onto the field to show it to an official. Then he circled his players at midfield and warned them—indeed, threatened them—not to lose their tempers. "Act like Notre Dame," he said. "You have more class than that." The Irish did.

Devine later downplayed the bad scene, saying, "The fish smelled like hell, the eggs were interesting and the ice sort

of stings when it hits your face. Let's talk about the game."

Rodgers didn't want to do that. "Life's not fair," he sighed. Maybe not, but Rodgers and Tech later received an invitation to play Purdue in the Peach Bowl at Atlanta on Christmas Day—and promptly accepted.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDWEST

NO. 2 Nebraska was poised to stomp visiting Missouri and thereby lure No. 1 Penn State to the Orange Bowl and a one-on-one clash for national supremacy. And the Huskers seemed on their way to achieving that aim, with Rick Berns rumbling 82 yards for a score on the game's first play from scrimmage. Like the pivotal Nebraska victory over Oklahoma in 1971, this contest wound up 35-31. But this time the Huskers were on the short end of the score and will be in the Orange Bowl for a replay with the Sooners instead of in a battle for No. 1 against the Natty Lions. Missouri went ahead 28-24 late in the third quarter on a four-yard run by James Wilder, but Nebraska reclaimed the lead 31-28 on Tim Hager's four-yard hurt. Then back came the Tigers, only to fumble the ball away at the Nebraska four. But again they came, driving 74 yards for the final touchdown on Wilder's seven-yard run with 3:42 left. Berns set Nebraska records with 36 carries and 255 yards rushing. In all, the two teams gained 993 yards in total offense, 517 by Nebraska. The Tigers' victory also gets them to a bowl—the Liberty, in which they will face LSU.

A Cotton Bowl representative had called a press conference to announce that Oklahoma would play in Dallas, but at the last minute the Sooners decided they wanted to try to avenge the previous week's loss to Nebraska by meeting the Huskers in the first-ever all-Big Eight Orange Bowl. Oklahoma amassed 692 yards in total offense while trampling Oklahoma State 62-7 as Billy Sims ran for 209 yards and scored on one of 35, two and nine yards. That gave Sims 20 touchdowns and a Big Eight single-season rushing record of 1,762 yards, 82 more than Terry Miller had for Oklahoma State a year ago.

For the first time since 1963, Iowa State beat Colorado, winning 20-16 at Boulder, where Walter Grant rushed for 78 yards and passed for 159. Kansas State drubbed arch-rival Kansas 36-20 in Manhattan.

Purdue needed a win or tie at Michigan to all but secure its first Rose Bowl bid in 12 sea-

sons. Coach Jim Young worked hours making individual 8"x16" posters to encourage each of his players. For Mark Herrmann, Young's poster showed a photo of an eye-popping blonde whispering to Clark Gable. "You can have anything you want. Just beat Michigan." The sophomore quarterback lost his chance to find out what anything was 10 minutes into the game when he suffered a neck injury. Without Herrmann, Michigan limited the Bookermakers to 123 yards. Rick Leach of the Wolverines rushed for 131 yards and hit on five of 11 passes, two for touchdowns, as Michigan won 24-6 to knock Purdue out of the Rose Bowl and into the Peach against Georgia Tech. Michigan's triumph set up this week's showdown with Ohio State for the Big Ten title and the trip to Pasadena.

Ohio State had to struggle for a 21-18 win at Indiana. Quick kicks of 52, 76 and 66 yards by Mike Friede kept the Buckeyes bottled up much of the day. So did the work of Hoosier linebackers Joe Norman (he was in on 26 tackles) and Doug Sybert (he was in on 24). After trailing 10-7 at halftime, the Buckeyes went on top 14-10 when Art Schlichter scored from three yards out, dragging two tacklers into the end zone. Ohio State got breathing room when Ricky Johnson, who gained 109 yards, went around end for 46 on a scoring gallop early in the fourth quarter.

In other Big Ten games, Iowa beat Wisconsin 38-24, Michigan State defeated Northwestern 52-3 and Minnesota downed Illinois 24-6 as sophomore Marion Barber rushed for 233 yards and a pair of TDs.

Ball State, which led the country in total defense (yielding only 194.3 yards a game), gave up 387 yards against five-time loser Northern Illinois. Nevertheless the Cardinals were 31-13 victors as they clinched the Mid-American Conference championship.

1 OKLAHOMA (10-1)

2 NEBRASKA (9-2) 3 MICHIGAN (8-1)

EAST "When I got the ball, for a second I didn't know what to do," said Pittsburgh Safety Jeff Delaney. That moment's hesitation after an fumble had plopped right into Delaney's arms at the Panther one was followed by his decision to head for the far end zone. Delaney made it all the way to the score at 7-7 and set off a Panther rampage. Defensive End Hugh Green sacked the Cadet quarterback seven times as Pitt went on to win 35-17. That done, the Panthers, who still must play Penn State on Nov. 24, accepted an offer to meet North Carolina State in the Tangerine Bowl.

Rutgers will be the host at the first Garden State Bowl at Giants Stadium in New Jersey's Meadowlands. The Scarlet Knights won 31-21 at Holy Cross as Bob Herrig hit on 15 of 28 passes. Rutgers moved the ball on the ground, too. Ted Blackwell running for 141 yards and Glen Kehler for 137.

continued

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1860 **TODAY**

Syracuse attempted only one pass (it was incomplete) at Boston College. Nonetheless, the Orangemen came out on top 37-23 as they gained 364 yards rushing.

Dartmouth's Buddy Teevens-to-Dave Shula passing combination carried the Big Green to a 28-21 win at Princeton that sewed up the Ivy League title. In addition to running for two touchdowns, Teevens hit on 16 of 26 passes for 244 yards. Shula pulled in eight of those throws for a team-record 191 yards.

Finishing in a tie for second place were Brown and Yale. The Bears, with Mark Whipple passing for 247 yards, including scoring strikes of 27, 21 and 80 yards, won 24-12 at Columbia. Yale led 35-14 in the third period at Harvard, then hung on to take The Game 35-28, the highest-scoring affair in the 103-year-old series. Some Yales almost added to the festivities, but early in the week Harvard groundkeepers uncovered several fire extinguishers buried at midfield that were to have been set off to spray the turf with a yellow "Y." Cornell was the only Ivy home winner, knocking off Pennsylvania 35-17 behind Joe Holland, who ran for four touchdowns and 263 yards. Holland became the second player to rush for 1,000 yards in an Ivy season (Ed Mattiataro was the other), winding up with 1,213.

In the most-played rivalry in college football, Lehigh beat Lafayette, winning their 114th matchup 23-15.

East Stroudsburg State took the Pennsylvania Conference title by beating Clarion 49-4 as Barry Kennedy passed for four touchdowns and ran for another.

Even though John Marzocco was on target with 31 of 51 passes for 482 yards and four TDs, Colgate lost 38-29 at Delaware.

1. PENN STATE (10-0)

2. PITTSBURGH (8-2) 3. NAVY (7-3)

SOUTHWEST Lots of folks felt that after the previous week's 58-0 loss to Southern Methodist, Rice's Owls might not give a host. "People expected us to die, but we told our kids to do the unexpected," said Coach Ray Albion. The Owls did precisely that, shocking Baylor 24-10 as Randy Hertel completed 21 of 36 passes for 212 yards. Doug Cunningham made eight catches and Earl Cooper rushed for 104 yards.

Nothing quite that unexpected happened in the three other Southwest Conference games. Texas A&M topped a 7-0 lead over Arkansas with only 130 yards in the game at Little Rock, but the Aggies' upset hopes were soon crushed. Curtis Dickey rushed for 104 yards, but he lost two fumbles to the rugged Razorback defenders. Tackles Jimmy Walker and Dan Hampton headed Aggie Quarterback Mike Mosley, sackng him eight times for minus 61 yards as Arkansas won 26-7. Ron Culcagni scored on runs of eight, three

and two yards for the Razorbacks, and Ben Cowens broke Dickey Morton's Arkansas rushing record, his 74 yards upping his career total to 3,361. Arkansas then accepted an invitation to face UCLA at the Fiesta Bowl.

Another bowl-bound team was Texas, which will take on Maryland in the SWC bowl, unless Houston fumbles away the SWC lead by dropping both its remaining games, against Texas Tech and Rice. Should the Cougars stumble, the Longhorns will replace them in the Cotton Bowl against Notre Dame. Texas held Texas Christian to minus 33 yards rushing during a 41-0 rout. Russell Eversleben kicking field goals of 41, 24, 48 and 30 yards.

Bill Adams of Texas Tech also had four field goals, including a 55-yarder, as the Red Raiders held off visiting SMU 19-16. Tech's James Hadnot poked up 160 yards, giving him 949 in the last five games. In the end, however, it was Safety Ted Watts who made the victory possible with two big plays in the final four minutes. On a fourth-and-one from the Red Raider one, the Mustangs sent Darold Turner into the line, where he was stopped by Watts. Then, with 34 seconds to go, Watts intercepted a pass at his own 32, the fifth time Tech had picked off a Mike Ford throw.

North Texas State toppled Memphis State 41-24 as Sophomore Bernard Jackson ran for 158 yards to finish the season with 1,453.

1. HOUSTON (8-1)

2. TEXAS (7-2) 3. ARKANSAS (7-2)

WEST "They were blitzing, so we thought we'd screw 'em up with runs to the outside by Darrin," said the nation's leading passer, Steve Dils of Stanford. And Darrin Nelson's rushing did indeed befuddle California in the 30-10 Stanford win. When Nelson, a sophomore, wasn't rushing for 177 yards and scoring once, he was pulling in four passes, one good for another touchdown. A model of consistency, Nelson wound up the regular season with 1,061 yards rushing (last season he had 1,069) and matched his 1977 total of 50 receptions. Dils hit on 19 of 33 attempts for 297 yards, thus ending the season with 2,943 yards on 247 completions in 391 attempts. He will complete his career with the Cardinals on Dec. 31 in the Bluebonnet Bowl against either Georgia, Alabama or Auburn.

Arizona State's blitz was more effective than Cal's and was instrumental in a 44-22 triumph at Oregon State plying off with 11 quarterback sacks and 15 tackles behind the line. Mark Malone of the Sun Devils had 133 yards passing and 99 rushing, while freshman Gerald Riggs gained 157 yards on the ground and, like Malone, ran for three TDs.

Washington State's Jack Thompson connected on 17 of 28 passes for 290 yards to surpass Florida's John Reeves as the NCAA's all-time leader in career passing yardage with 7,571. Despite the Throwin' Samson's

efforts, Arizona hung on for a 31-24 win.

"Intensity" has replaced "second effort" in the lexicon of today's coaches. When Utah Coach Wayne Howard talked to his players at halftime, he told them that despite traveling visiting Brigham Young 16-0, their 4-3 defense was lacking only one ingredient—intensity. The Utes got the message. The defense allowed the Cougars only 84 yards in the third period and four in the fourth, the offense redoubled its efforts and Utah pulled off a 23-22 upset. It was the first conference loss this season for WAC champion BYU, which will face Navy in the Holiday Bowl. Keeping the Utes on the move was Randy Gomez, who passed for three touchdowns as he hit on 20 of 31 for 265 yards. It was the running game that paid off for New Mexico as the Lobos walked Pacific University 44-6. A WAC rushing mark was set by Mike Williams of the Lobos, whose 81 yards gave him a career total of 3,812. His freshman teammate Mike Carlier gained 147 yards in only nine carries.

1. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA (9-1)

2. UCLA (8-3) 3. STANFORD (7-4)

SOUTH Five times the lead had changed hands and now, with 5:18 left, would come the biggest play of a frenetic game. Georgia, having just scored on Willie McCendon's one-yard plunge, trailed 22-21 at Auburn. Obviously, the Bulldogs had little choice but to try for a two-point conversion run or pass. After all, a kick would merely tie things up and, if the game ended that way, the deadlock would grievously wound Georgia's hopes for a Sugar Bowl berth. But instead of going for two points, Coach Vince Dooley sent in Rex Robinson, who kicked the PAT that made it 22-22, which is how the contest ended.

"It was the wrong decision and I apologized to the team for it," Dooley said later. "I felt the tie would put pressure on Auburn, that our defense could hold and that Robinson would get a shot at another field goal." The opportunity never came for Robinson, who had kicked field goals of 35, 40 and 47 yards earlier in the game. All of which means that if Alabama beats Auburn on Dec. 2, it will be the Southeastern Conference champion with a 6-0 record, and Georgia will be second at 5-0-1. In short, the Tide would go to the Sugar Bowl to face Penn State, with the No. 1 ranking in the final polls at stake.

Auburn was fired up for Georgia. For the first time since 1951, when Dooley was their quarterback, the Tigers wore orange jerseys. They outgained Georgia in total offense 502 yards to 268, Joe Cribbs setting a school record by rushing for 250 yards. Cribbs scored on runs of 60 and two yards, and caught a two-point conversion pass.

Bert Vrepreman, who had kicked a 37-yard field goal in the first period and three pointers of 33 and 37 yards in the third, booted a 38-

continued

yarder with 0.42 left as Florida won 18-16 at Kentucky. At Jackson, Miss., Mississippi State joined Louisiana State 16-14. The Bulldogs held Charles Alexander to 57 yards rushing and scored twice on passes thrown by Dave Marler as they upset 17th-ranked LSU. Tennessee disposed of SEC opponent Mississippi 41-17, while Vanderbilt ended a seven-game losing streak by downing Air Force 41-27. Frank Mordeca of the Commodores set SEC marks with 309 yards rushing and with five touchdowns on runs of 40, 30, six, 70 and 77 yards.

For the first time since 1967, Clemson finished atop the Atlantic Coast Conference, coming from behind three times at Maryland to earn a 28-24 victory. A 98-yard scoring run by Steve Atkins, the longest ever from scrimmage by a Terp, put Maryland in front 21-14 in the third period. But the passing of Steve Fuller, who had teamed with Jerry Butler on an 82-yard pass play to tie the score at 14-14, rallied Clemson. This time Fuller hit Dwight Clark on a 62-yard pass as the Tigers knotted the score at 21-21. Clemson then drove 70 yards for the decisive touchdown. Lester Brown gaining 34 of those yards, including the first five. The Tigers now go to the Gator Bowl to meet

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: James Wilder, a 220-pound sophomore running back for Missouri, led the Tigers to a 35-31 upset at Nebraska by carrying 28 times for 181 yards and scoring on runs of one, one, four and seven yards.

DEFENSE: Chris Garlich, Missouri's senior linebacker, blunted Nebraska's attack by taking part in 21 tackles, including one in which he dropped Rick Barnes for a loss on the Huskers' next-to-last play, and stealing a pass

the loser of this week's Ohio State-Michigan showdown.

North Carolina State, North Carolina and South Carolina beat ACC opponents at home. It was Ted Brown Day at State, and in a 24-10 win over Duke the Wolfpack runner celebrated by gaining 96 yards and raising his career yardage to 4,471, the fifth-best total by a Division I rusher. North Carolina stopped Virginia 31-20. At South Carolina, sophomore George Rogers, who five weeks earlier had dislocated his shoulder, carried 27 times for 237 yards and two touchdowns in the Gamecocks whipped Wake Forest 37-14.

Florida State was trailing Navy 3-0 when Coach Bobby Bowden conferred with his offensive coordinator, George Haffner, on a telephone hookup to the press box. "They're covering us man-on-man, biting and daring us to throw long," Bowden said. "Let's bring on the Rifleman." Haffner suggested Bowden agreed, and in came Jimmy Jordan, who mowed down the Midlives, connecting on 15 of 27 passes for 280 yards. Jordan tossed four touchdown passes, three of them to Sam Platt, of four, 36 and 51 yards as the Seminoles won 38-6. Jordan and Wally Woodham passed for 350 yards against a Navy defense that had been allowing only 98 yards a game through the air. And State gained 453 yards in total offense against the Midshipmen, who were fifth in the nation in total defense (225 yards a game). Nevertheless, Navy got a bowl bid to meet Brigham Young in the first Holiday Bowl, in San Diego. BYU and seven other losers from last Saturday also accepted bowl offers—LSU, Texas A&M, Nebraska, UCLA, Georgia Tech, Maryland and Purdue. Florida State, which like Navy is 7-3, hasn't been invited anywhere yet.

1. ALABAMA (9-1)

2. CLEMSON (9-1) 3. GEORGIA (8-1-1)

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in pictures.

Getting up to Pennsylvania's Potter County for Opening Day is an annual imperative for 50,000 faithful who journey to this deer-hunting mecca **by BIL GILBERT**

THE



rites of autumn



POTTER COUNTY

continued

THE ARMED INVASION

On the Monday following Thanksgiving in the state of Pennsylvania a good many commercial, governmental and educational enterprises are shut down or critically understaffed because most of the males over 12 years old have grabbed their guns and left. Some of the men are in convoys of covered trucks and miscellaneous motorized carriers that clog the highways and back roads; hundreds of thousands of others, more than can be mustered by the U.S. Army, are already skirmishing through the countryside. They blaze away more or less at will. The sound of small-arms fire is incessant. At dusk they fall back to rude bivouacs and commence the body count.

Appearances aside, the Commonwealth is not in the grip of foreign invasion or civil insurrection but only of Opening Day, an event of such magnitude that in the Quaker State nobody asks the opening day of what? Phillies? Steelers? Nittany Lions? Opening Day is the first day of the buck-hunting season. It may be the wildest and woolliest—and it is almost certainly the largest—participatory recreational event extant. Pennsylvania has about a million and a quarter hunters pursuing a herd of 700,000 deer, and the result is a kill of some 150,000 in a good year, with about 60% of the animals usually being scrapped on the frantic Opening Day.

Because white-tail deer are commonly distributed from the Philadelphia suburbs to the strip-mine-scarred hills above the Ohio River, the Opening Day uproar is general. However, it rises to a crescendo in Potter County, a mountainous, semiwilderness district in the extreme northern section of the state. Every year some 50,000 sports go deer hunting in Potter, and among them they do in 7,500 animals, year in and out the largest harvest of any county in the state. As this kill total implies, Potter has a lot of deer; in fact, the common wisdom is that the 16,395 permanent human residents of the county are outnumbered by at least two to one by the white-tails.

In pragmatic terms, however, Potter leaves something to be desired for both deer hunters and deer. As to the former, some 500,000 acres of the county's gnarled mountains are covered by dense stands of hardwoods and evergreens, a region known locally as the Black Forest. There are a lot of places for deer to hide in this terrain, and actually shooting one is complicated by the fact that 50,000 hunters all have this as a common purpose. Furthermore, once a Potter deer is taken it is not likely, by conventional sporting standards, to be a very impressive animal. Popular myths aside, heavy forest doesn't make particularly good deer country, offering less in the way of forage than more open and developed land. From the standpoint of deer, Potter County is something of a ghetto in which a lot of individuals are constantly competing for an inadequate food supply. One result is that the Potter deer, though numerous, are fairly scrawny. According to the records of the State Game Commission, Potter is, in terms of deer quality (based

on body weight, antler size and reproductive rate) a Class III county. There are 25 Class I and II (excellent to good) Pennsylvania counties in which game managers feel the deer are "better" than in Potter.

To such statistical information the deer-hunting fraternity reacts in a kind of facts-be-damned manner. Potter continues to be what it has been for half a century—the deer-hunting mecca. All over the state—in fact all over the country, because there are those who make the pilgrimage from as far away as Quebec and California—there are sports who regard getting up to Potter for Opening Day as one of life's annual imperatives.

THE HUNT AS PSYCHO-HISTORIC DRAMA

Somewhat like the Masters golf tournament, the Potter County deer hunt has a mighty, all but mythic, reputation. Both reputations are based on a complex of traditions and illusions so powerful that they overwhelm dull, disparaging facts, creating an independent, more or less metaphysical, reality.

On the Sunday afternoon before Opening Monday, on a

On the night before Opening Day, sports pack the Roaring Buck saloon.



ridgespot that is the continental divide between the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico drainage systems, a fellow by the name of Hank Mason is standing in two feet of snow, talking about the intangibles of deer hunting, which is what he will be doing in the morning, and of Potter County, which is where he is. In real life Mason is a plumber from York County, which, located between Harrisburg, Philadelphia and Baltimore, is part of the Eastern megalopolis. There is some remaining farmland, woods and preserved open space around York, but it is well mixed with Interstates, shopping centers and residential, commercial and industrial centers. Despite—and in ecological truth because of—such development, York has quite a few deer, including some very good ones, being one of the state's Class I white-tail counties. Mason might better have stayed home, but he is up in Potter, up to his knees in snow, explaining his preferences and position.

"What it boils down to," he says, "is that I'd just as soon shoot a 120-pound buck, or maybe none at all, up here as a 150-pounder down home." Mason is a burly, crew-cut, exceedingly active hunter, even though he lost a leg during

his military service. Among the crowd he regularly hunts with there is a standing joke that they will not have to worry about firewood as long as they have Pegleg Mason. "It's wild enough up here to make you think about how it was when we had to hunt and take care of ourselves—when we were more independent. I suppose that is part of the idea behind those God's Country signs." (For some time tourism promoters have been distributing T shirts, bumper stickers and other literature asserting that POTTER COUNTY IS GOD'S COUNTRY.)

With its thousands of acres of rough, relatively roadless and unsettled land overlaid by the Black Forest, Potter County looks like a place out of a peculiarly American storybook—Leatherstocking country, the Big Two-Hearted River wilds, Yokauputawpha North. It is similar enough to the remembered romances to support the illusion of being the Big Woods where, game biologists aside, proper American deer should live and proper American men should pursue and stalk them. (At least for Opening Day, God's Country lies far from ERAland. Meeting a female deerstalker is a rare occurrence, a matter for snickers and speculation, like encountering a crowing hen.)

Boiled down another way—and forgetting such practical benefits as exercise, gamy venison steaks or a trophy for the rec room wall—getting out Opening Day offers an opportunity to play a role in one of the most enduringly popular American folk pageants, the Deer Hunt. The part can be essayed anywhere where there might conceivably be deer, but it is more artistically satisfying against a Big Woods backdrop. Potter County may not have the highest quality deer, but it is a Class I set for the Deer Hunt.

DRESSING UP

Like Halloween, Mardi Gras and Masonic conventions, the Deer Hunt has become something of a costume affair. As the leaves begin to turn, sports all over the Commonwealth begin to think about what they will wear and carry up to Potter. Red-checked hunting suits are taken out of mothballs and aired. Boots are soaked with neat's-foot and buffed, sheath knives honed. Shells are loaded and the old Savages, Winchesters, Remingtons and Marlins are oiled, sighted and lovingly placed in rear-window racks. Serious performers usually add a few discretionary props, at the very least a flask of booze and a puck of chewing tobacco—not a can of spiffed Skol, but a black, ugly plug of Days Work or a pouch of Red Man, which is sometimes ceremoniously used but more often is kept for hip-pocket display.

Generally deer hunters use far less nylon, plastic and goose fuzz than do, say, backpackers and bird watchers, contemporary outdoor recreationists who, even in the environs of Houston, are heavily into Nanook of the North and Sir Edmund Hillary roles. From the de rigueur long johns, worn even in the balmiest of bluebird weather, up through solid layers of socks, boots, baggy pants, heavy shirts, vests and coats, deer hunters favor garments of moderately archaic style and material, being big leather, canvas and wool men

continued

drinking, sweating and telling their great stretchers



POTTER COUNTY

continued

Right down to the Red Man pouch, the mode of dress is essentially a modern and fairly expensive replica of what is popularly supposed to have been worn by rural manual laborers in the second half of the 19th century, when scratchy underwear, clodhoppers and iron-weight britches were about all that was available in many districts. It was probably no worse an outfit for killing deer than it was for slaughtering hogs, two activities then similar. Getting a deer was not a sport but a protein-gathering chore and was accomplished by turning loose the dogs, setting out baits or traps, doing whatever was necessary to come by meat with as little effort and fuss as possible.

Historical as they may be, 1875 Farm Hand suits make a sporting costume that is almost as cumbersome as those medieval knights wore for jousting. That only the most prime sports can bear up for very far or very long under a 60-pound Deer Hunt costume may be the principal reason so many of them seem to be hunting closer and closer to open roads, a tendency observed and deplored by many game biologists and managers. Probably the most sensible hunting suit of all was devised centuries ago by the Iroquois and other tribesmen who once chased deer through the Potter hills wearing moccasins, flimsy leather breeches and capotes. The modern equivalent would be Nike shoes, Frank Shorter running trunks and a kees T shirt. Such garb would be unthinkable for most sports, however, because in it they would not be recognized as members of the Deer Hunt cast and might be mistaken for a Sierra Club freak or Erich Segal.

Occasionally some costumes that border on the surrealistic are assembled out of ignorance or fantastical notions about the theme of the Deer Hunt. Recently Dennis Goodenough, a portly, pipe-smoking entrepreneur who is the proprietor of Potter County's largest sporting-goods store and thus sells and observes a lot of hunting getups, encountered a pair dressed so outlandishly as to give even him pause. "They pulled up, a couple of fellows with long hair and scraggly beards. They looked like radicals you see on TV, and I thought at first maybe it was a stackup, but it turned out they were just crazy, not dangerous. They were wearing safari outfits, and they each had about two yards apiece of cartridge belts wound around them. One had a cow horn, the kind you blow through like Robin Hood, hung on a shoulder. He said a fellow in a surplus store in Philadelphia had

sold it to him for calling deer. The same fellow, for \$120, had sold them a beat-up old Jap rifle that I swear was not worth \$1.20. The stock was cracked, it was covered with rust and the barrel was about as straight as a snake swimming. They'd also got hold of an old four-power scope—the lens looked like it was made out of milk glass. They wanted to buy a clamp so they could put it on that worthless gun. I told them I didn't have anything like that and they should get rid of that Jap rifle before they killed themselves or somebody else, but they went on their way. They said they'd get a piece of wire and tie the scope on with that."

TOD'S KIN-KAN KAMP

Along with growing potatoes and cutting timber, tourism is a principal business up in Potter, but it is still something of a cottage industry. There are, for example, only about 240 motel and hotel rooms in the county, less than are found around many intersections on Interstates (none of which crosses Potter). Obviously only a few of the sports who pour in over the narrow approach roads for Opening Day can lodge in public rooms. Through the years, various arrangements have been made for putting up the remaining thousands. The accommodations are mostly primitive, but this has come to be regarded not as a hardship but as one of the attractions of going up to Potter—something that enhances

the old-timey, roughing-it, manly theme of the hunt.

A good many hunters wheel into Potter in the modern equivalents of Conestoga wagons: motor homes, trailers or pickup campers. The better class unhitch, so to speak, in approved parking lots, but many others are less choosy, wheeling up their rigs in any likely-looking opening, the entrance to a driveway, farmyard or even in the middle of public roads. "I imagine that they are not such dumb sons of bitches back home as they seem to be up here," a local agriculturist said after having shooed away a pair of 4WD vans whose operators had churned through the mud and snow to set up light mobile housekeeping in the middle of his potato patch. "Up here they see a place without a barbecue pit or flower bushes on it and they think it still belongs to the Indians. Probably they don't even walk across their neighbors' lawns back in Philadelphia or wherever." (Up in Potter, Philadelphia tends to be used generically, as a term referring to the place exclusively inhabited by people

continued



Storkkeeper Goodenough gets to meet the weirdos



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POTTER COUNTY

A CONTINUATION

who couldn't possibly find their fannies with both hands.)

Other thousands of sports are taken in by local farm ladies who, for \$20 or so a day apiece, squeeze a dozen or so hunters onto cuts in attics, spare bedrooms and outbuildings and give them three very square meals, allowing them to live much like—and apparently enjoy for a few days the domestic arrangements of—old-time threshing crews. Because for many rural families these visiting sports are, pound for pound, a more valuable and easier cash crop than potatoes, occasional trespassers in potato fields are treated more leniently than they might be elsewhere. This is also the reason so little of the private land in Potter is posted.

More than they do anywhere else, hunters who come up to Potter stay in establishments that might be called cabins or used house trailers or, even more likely, shacks, but which in the Big Woods are invariably referred to as camps, as in Big Buck Camp, Itchy Finger Camp, Good Luck Camp, Shoot 'Em and Mox Camp, Ramrod Hunting Club Camp. There are some 4,500 of these in Potter. Not for economic reasons but out of respect for deer-hunting traditions, most of them are designed and carefully maintained in 19th-century Rural Shanty style, whether made of plywood, tin or unpainted slab lumber. Many of the properties are communally owned by groups of congenial gunners, and

membership shares and privileges in these recreational collectives are passed along from father to son.

In several senses of the word, a splendid example of a Potter County deer camp is one situated in a hemlock-filled ravine through which flows a streamlet called Meeker Run. It is the sporting headquarters for the male members of a family whose roots are in Adams County, in which Gettysburg is located, 150 miles to the south. The Meeker Hollow camp was organized in 1937 by the four Raffensperger brothers and their father. Two of the brothers—George, who is 80 and a retired banker, and John, 68, a retired fruitgrower—continue to hunt from the camp but now share it with sons, sons-in-law and grandsons. Some of them have scattered across the country, become farmers, college professors and businessmen, but they make a considerable effort to get back to Potter for Opening Day.

At first, the Raffenspergers rented the land along the run and each year would put up a large canvas tent. After World War II they bought 12 acres around the tent site and a heavy, 32-foot-long steel-bodied truck trailer. They then hauled up to Meeker Hollow as the shell of their camp. The trailer was set up on the property with some difficulty. Beyond the obvious problems of fixing it on the side of the ravine, the brothers were determined to save a fine maple

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tree that now shades the camp. "When we tented," says George Raffensperger, "we used that tree to tie to. It wasn't much more than a sapling then. We wanted to save it as a sentimental reminder of the old days."

In memory of their father Tod, and as a jest about the material the camp is made of, the brothers call it Tod's Kin-Kan. Esthetically the Kan is not impressive, but functionally it evinces years of loving and cunning craft, an accretion of improvements and conveniences added by various relatives. Eight plank bunks fill the north end, the lumber worn smooth through the years by wool blankets. At the other end there is a chunk-wood stove for heating and an electric stove for cooking; also a plank table and benches. In between is a traditional peg, shelf or niche for every pot, pan, gun case, hunting coat and hat. Everything is neat as a pin, not as neat as a wife would keep a place but rough-neat, as good logging or cow or mining camps were once kept by men. There is a pleasant nostalgic smell of firewood, flapjacks, bacon, wool and boot and gun oil about Tod's Kin-Kan.

The good book of the camp is a log in which events of each hunting season are meticulously recorded: the weather, who was there, interesting sightings of foxes, mink, owls, hawks, and, of course, who took what kind of deer where

and when. All told, the Kin have killed about 100 bucks working out of the Meeker Hollow camp. The last day of the season is always set aside for butchering. The venison is divided equally among the members of the party, with the man who actually brought down the animal also receiving the head and hide. It is a matter of pride among the Kin that during 40 years of hunting none of them has violated any Pennsylvania game law or, for that matter, the unwritten code of good sports hunting—for example, that wounded deer must be tracked down and dispatched.

"This week is a reunion for the men in our family and, truthfully, a very fine kind of escape," says Edgar Raffensperger, who now comes to the Kin-Kan from Ithaca, N.Y., where he is a professor of entomology at Cornell. "Whatever we have been doing, we put it aside when we come up here and become totally involved in camp work and hunting, in older ways of doing and living and thinking."

Whether it is more fun for bunkers and professors to play golf or to play at being 19th-century woodsmen is, of course, entirely a matter of individual preference. However, the party at Tod's Kin-Kan Kamp is an impressive and admirable recreational group. If everybody were like the Raffenspergers, the phrase "slob hunter"—for that matter, just plain "slob"—would never have been invented.

continued

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POTTER COUNTY

continued

RENDEZVOUS

In 1822 a sometime soldier and Congressman and all-time hustler from St. Louis by the name of General William Henry Ashley cajoled a group of unemployed farmhands into heading off to the wilds of the Rocky Mountains to trap beaver. Thereafter he devised a system for getting his hands on the furs. He called it the "rendezvous." Late each spring Ashley would send a packtrain out from the Missouri settlements loaded with trappers' supplies and a lot of raw rum. This caravan would reach a predetermined riverbank meadow at the base of the mountains, down from which would come the trappers, literally loaded with beaver pelts and figuratively loaded for bear. Ashley's agents would purchase the pelts—at rock-bottom prices, because they were the only buyers within about 1,800 miles. Then, to take the sting out of the transaction, they would break open the rum kegs, the marked decks of cards, and urge the mountain men to let it all hang out. By report, not much encouragement was needed. For the next few weeks they drank steadily, gambled recklessly, pushed, shoved, wrestled, bit ears, gouged eyes, bragged about the hair on their chests, played dreadful practical jokes, like throwing rabid wolves into each other's tents, and generally whooped and hollered. When it was all over, the trappers were left drained, dead broke and in hock for part of their next year's catch. Ashley's agents headed back to the bright lights with all the furs, most of the money and lots of amusing stories about the excesses and stupidities of the mountain men.

As an effective device for economic exploitation, the rendezvous lasted only about a decade, or until the beaver were all gone. However, as an entertainment (which was widely publicized, first by word of mouth and later in penny-dreadful novels and all manner of subsequent media forms), the rendezvous permeated the imaginations of American males and, it seems, had a lasting effect on their behavior. Though the original facts have become distorted and by now are all but forgotten, the legacy of the rendezvous is that when a group of American men find themselves far from hearth and home, for various vague, chauvinistic and machismo reasons they are more or less required to have themselves a hash. The spirit of William Henry Ashley's rendezvous lives on—at fraternal and business conventions, class reunions, in locker rooms and military and civilian R-and-R centers, and especially on hook-and-bullet outings.

The good steady hunter ethic prevails in many places like Tod's Kin-Kin Kamp, but a number of those taking part in the Deer Hunt felt obliged to do a few rendezvous turns when they arrive in God's Country. A good place to observe this action is a public watering place, of which there are many more in Potter County than there are motels, bowling alleys and movie theaters. One of these can be misnamed (for reasons of propriety and back-home peace of mind) the Roaring Buck, which is more or less what a lot of spots are called in Potter. On the Sunday night before Opening Day, 50 or 60 flannel sports are pushing and shoving in the Roaring Buck, drinking and sweating. Everyone is already dressed up in long johns and wool suits and talking very big. Great stretchers are told about the size of bucks that have been spotted and will be shot come the

morning; about how much snow has been wallowed through, about long-range shots of the past; about what they said to a dumb so-and-so who tried to take a deer they had downed in the great American rhetorical Pas-half-otligator-half-wolf-and-was-born-in-a-grizzly-den tradition that goes back at least as far as the original mountain men, there is a lot of stylized bragging but, as a reflection of the times, it is not so much about personal prowess as about the powers of mechanical possessions—scopes, 4WD rigs, CB transmitters and snowmobiles.

One of the merriest groups in the Roaring Buck is made up of half a dozen men who come from the eastern part of the state, where they are executives and managers of a large sheet-metal firm. They have been hunting together up in Potter for almost a quarter of a century and, for obscure reasons of their own, call each other, at least during this outing, Cousin, as in Cousin Ed, Cousin Willy, Cousin Flunkly. A prominent cousin and sales manager is Sam, who among other distinctions has never shot a buck (in fact has only shot at one on three occasions) though he has been trying to do so for 22 years. Cousin Sam's bad luck has become a folk myth for the group, and he takes a lot of needling about it. ("What he does not tell," howls Cousin Ed, "is that he very seldom gets a chance to see a deer because he is too busy taking our money at poker.") However, he remains the most exuberant of the cousins, belting back the vodka and Squirt at a great rate. Also, he is carrying on in a very public fashion with a blonde waitress by the name of Joan. In regard to Joan, Cousin Sam has two things in mind, or so he loudly keeps saying. He would first like her to sit on his lap—which she occasionally does, perching for a few seconds on his knee like a bird and leaving as easily and quickly. Secondly he would like her to inspect his brand-new \$26,000 motor home, which is parked outside the Roaring Buck. She turns down this invitation, but in a manner that doesn't spoil the fun.

In the days of the first rendezvous there were always a few girls in the mountain meadow, mostly Snake and Crow beauties, but arrangements about them had to be made with hard-bargaining male relatives, who brought the women along more or less as trade goods. That is how it always has been at rendezvous—very few, very inaccessible women and a lot of men who have removed themselves from regular centers of femininity but who talk stud incessantly. At the Roaring Buck it would seem, just from eavesdropping, that virtually every man jack has just come from or is just leaving for an assignation.

Joan is, in fact, a young woman who has left a Pennsylvania college for the fall semester to repair her finances by working at the Roaring Buck. However, for the moment she is in the historical position of a Snake woman, and her views about rendezvous may be quite similar. "When I see hunter's orange I think of green bilks," she says, taking a break behind the kitchen door while waiting for a hard-pressed bartender to catch up on back orders of vodka and Squirt. "Last night that —," she nods toward Cousin Sam, "put a 20 in my pocket. I guess he was trying to buy some respect. Did you see him?"

"What happened?"

continued

POTTER COUNTY

continued

"He got bragging about chewing tobacco. He stuffed half a pack of Red Man into his big mouth and threw up his whole dinner."

"Old Cousin Sam is a perfect example of a guy whose wife lets him out about three times a year, and he tries to act like he does it all the time. He's a nerd but absolutely harmless. Some of them are mean. You wouldn't believe the black and blue marks I've got!"

THE SHOOT

By and by Cousin Sam gets into the motor home, without Joan, and waves back to the farmhouse where his party always hunks. He cannot sleep—"That cot was spinning around just a little too much"—but drinks a lot of coffee, lays out some solitaire and is inspired to play a good practical joke on Cousin Flunky. He sneaks Flunky's boots from under the bed, ties the rawhide laces together in double granny knots, wets them and puts the boots in front of the fire to dry. "We all split a gut laughing at old Flunky when he wakes up hung over and tries to pick out those knots."

At 6:43 a.m., which is precisely when the laws of Pennsylvania permit hunting to begin in Potter, Cousin Sam is walking down a snow-covered woods road behind the farmhouse, carrying his Ruger across his arm. He follows the road a few hundred yards and then stops in the shelter of an oak in a spot that commands a view of an open ridge above. "I didn't see any point in wearing myself out in that snow," Cousin Sam said later. "I figured I'd save my strength and let the other boys get the deer moving."

About 8:30 six deer appear on the ridge 100 yards or so away. "I'm pretty sure one of them showed some antler [a buck must have three inches of spike or a fork antler to be legal quarry] but I wasn't dead sure, and then I got thinking if it was a spike and I did hit it I'd have to wallow through all that snow to get it and drag it back to the farm. I said to hell with it, let it go and kept my record intact."

By five p.m. on Opening Day, Cousin Sam has had a large lunch at the farmhouse, a refreshing nap, won \$64 in the afternoon stud game and is back at the Roaring Buck and the vodka and Squirt. "Some of them may get more deer," he says joyfully, "but nobody has more fun hunting up in Potter than I do. Who needs a stinking old buck when you got a sweet little doe around," and he makes a slow, unsuccessful lunge at Joan.

Things go almost as predictably but much differently at Tod's Kat-Kat. "Once in a while somebody drinks a bottle of beer," George Raffensperger says, "but we're not much for playing cards or staying up late. I guess we were all in bed by nine. We save our fun for daylight."

By daylight the Kat are up, have done their chores around the Kat, and are well back into the woods. "I worked my way up on the ridge above that section the timber company has clear-cut," says John Raffensperger that evening. At 68 he moves through the rough terrain with ease and assurance. "I'd scouted the day before, and I could tell from the sign that deer were moving there." Around 10 in the morning three deer show up about 120 yards below. Raffensperger motionless and downwind, he waits until the animals settle down and he can determine their sex. Then he

drops a seven-point buck with a single chest shot. As required by law, he fixes a big-game tag on the buck, efficiently field-dresses it and drags the carcass down the ridge, across Meeker Run and up the far side of the ravine to a secondary road.

"I guess the years are catching up," he confesses. "I was puffing by the time I got back to the road. A young fellow from one of the other camps in the Hollow came by in his truck, and we loaded in the buck and drove it back here. I tried to give him \$2 for his trouble, but he wouldn't take it. You meet some awful nice fellows up here."

Gary Horst, a 22-year-old steel welder from the Lancaster area, had one of the more active Opening Day hunts. Horst is an all-round Potter huff, coming up regularly to God's Country to ski, snowmobile and fish, usually staying at the Potato City Motor Inn on the edge of the Black Forest, the largest resort in the county. He is also a deer hunter but, as he admits, a fairly green one who in four previous seasons had been skunked. "Something always happened. Either I wouldn't get a shot, or I'd have one and choke—miss it. Once it was the old excuse, a shell jammed."

After a bit of rendezvousing, Horst was up at 4:30 on Opening Day and got a Thermos of coffee and pack of sandwiches from the hotel kitchen. He drove his Jeep up Dry Hollow Road, parked and worked his way back into a white-pine plantation. At eight, three does and a spike buck appeared about 50 yards in front of him.

"I started shooting as fast as I could," Horst says. "I knew I hit him somewhere, but he kept flying toward the pines. Then there was a click. I'd fired the whole clip, five shots. I reached in my pocket for more shells, and my hand came out all covered with some thick, sticky yellow stuff. I was so excited I thought at first I'd hurt myself, but it was egg salad from my sandwich. There I was with my mittens off, my hands freezing, trying to scrape egg salad off the shells. I dropped most of them in the snow but I got two cleaned. By that time the deer was gone but I was damned if I was going to let him get away."

"There was a blood trail, and I started following. I followed over three ridges for about an hour. I caught up just as he was going in some more pines and shot again, but he still didn't go down. I had only one shell left, so I went above the pines, which looked like the way he was heading. He came out 30 yards away and I shot him in the neck. He staggered into a hollow and died there. I had to figure out how to get him by trial and error because I'd never done it before. Then I dragged him about a mile and a half to the road and from there walked back to get my Jeep. After I got him loaded in I remembered I had dropped my Thermos and binoculars in the snow where I first shot, so I hiked back for them. It took me about five hours to get that deer, and when I got back to Potato City I just flopped down. I was dead to the world for three hours."

Horst hung the deer behind the hotel. Dressed, it weighed about 90 pounds and the carcass was considerably mangled. As it turns out, Horst hit the spike buck on four out of seven shots—in the rump, belly, neck and shoulder, a shot that had all but severed the right foreleg. "When you think of it," Horst says, "that was one tough little deer."

continued

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POTTER COUNTY

CONTINUED

THE LAW

Dick Curfman is the Pennsylvania game protector in the northwestern section of Potter County. As such he is more or less the referee for Opening Day in those parts. It is a job that makes any other sort of sports officiating—even an extreme case like refereeing a North Carolina-NC State basketball game—look like very small potatoes, as they might say in God's Country. To begin with, hunters are fully as capable of committing violations—and just as tricky about it—as any performer in Reynolds Coliseum. Last year 10,942 sports were nailed for game violations in Pennsylvania. On Opening Day, Curfman tries to keep his eye on some 10,000 participants, who are maneuvering about in 400 to 500 square miles.

Because all living things, except those co-opted by the feds, legally belong to the state, Curfman is responsible for protecting every wild animal, from bats to bears, in his district. However, in practice he admits that what with poaching of deer, motorists running into deer on the roads, deer running into vehicles, deer ripping off potato fields and orchards, a good part of his time during the course of the year is taken up with this one species and its encounters with people. Opening Day is, of course, all deer, and it actually begins for Curfman late Sunday night when he gets a call from an irate landowner about a suspicious truck in his pasture. Curfman eventually apprehends two sports trying to get a big jump on the others by jacklighting a buck. Then, after a few hours' sleep, he sets out on the day-long patrol, accompanied by his 12-year-old son Rich, a student-trainee by the name of Mark Crowder and a cautious civilian observer.

In the course of Opening Day, Curfman averages about one violator every half hour. A good many of the infractions are routine. Half a dozen citations are passed to hunters who are found with loaded guns in their vehicles—a regulation designed more for the protection of people than game. An equal number of sports fail to fill out and affix tags to their kills, a bit of paper work that is required in an attempt to thwart the ambition of a lot of hunters to shoot more than the one-deer limit. Other sports are hunting from the road, which is also illegal, and a pair of them are caught doing a little creative carving—trying to manufacture a spike antler for a deer they have shot that did not have one of its own of legal length.

The last pinch of the day occurs well after dark, an hour or so after Opening Day has legally ended (at precisely 4:49). On an isolated forest road Curfman comes upon two corpulent hunters who by the lights of their truck are trying to drag a deer out of a ravine.

"Jeepers Jenny, that's a nice buck you fellows have, but it's getting awful late to be fooling around in these dad gummed woods," says Curfman, who tends to come on very softly, like a rural Colombo, and also has a great talent for creative, non-profane expletives.

"We've been dragging through that — snow for an hour," the spokesman hunter replies. He is a little testy, a state which can perhaps be excused because he is a very plump man, sweating profusely in full Deer Hunt costume.

Curfman nods sympathetically and bends down to look

at the buck. "Holy Tomatoes!" he exclaims, apparently more in sorrow than anger. "You fellows forgot to tag it."

The lead sport turns righteously indignant. "Look, it was dark. We lost our pencil someplace. We were going to do it when we got back to the track. I don't see any reason for you harassing us. My name is Ralph Ruckus and I'm a police officer myself in Frozen Pizza, New Jersey for some body from a place like that. Where I come from there is such a thing as courtesy between fellow officers."

"Oakly-Doaker," Curfman says amiably. "Now let's see—this is your buck, Ralph?"

"No, he shot it." Ruckus nods to his companion, who seems to be suffering from considerable nervous tension.

"Sal Banana," the second man introduces himself.

"Jeepers, that must have been quite a shot, Sal—lut of thuck hemlock up this hollow. How far in were you?"

"Well, I don't know exactly. A long way, a quarter of a mile."

"Farther," breaks in Ruckus. "At least a half mile."

"You must have got him about four o'clock," presses Curfman.

"Probably earlier than that," says Ruckus emphatically.

"But Jeepers Jenny, you said it was dark when you lost your pencil. It's been a nice clear day. The sun didn't set until four thirty."

"Well it was getting dark back in those — woods."

"Oakly-Doaker. I guess I'm going to have to write you up for no tag," says Curfman, and both men look relieved. However, before he brings out his citation pad the game protector bends over the deer again and pats the carcass, which is steaming noticeably. "Nice buck, but Holy Tomatoes, he sure is warm for having been dead so long."

"Look," Ruckus blows up. "I'm tired of these institutions. What the hell are you accusing us of?"

"Oakly-Doaker," says Curfman, and there is a click in his voice like a bolt being shoved home. "Since you brought the subject up, I'm just going to have to tell you. But first, Mark and Rich," Curfman says, turning to his student-trainee and his son, "why don't you follow those tracks back into the woods a little way. You might find the pencil they lost, and you just might find something else. Now to get back to your question. I feel this deer was shot right here on the edge of the road. Also, judging from the deer's eyes and the body temperature, I'm positive this deer has been dead at most a half an hour, which is an hour after it is legal to shoot. Now if you two fellows have anything you wish to tell me before Rich and Mark get back, I'm willing to listen to you."

Only about 50 yards back in the hemlocks Mark and Rich find the kill spot and a pile of warm deer entrails. However, by the time they return to the road, Ruckus and Banana have come clean and confirmed Curfman's suspicions. It costs them \$50.

Curfman has been a game protector for 19 years, and last year he was designated as Pennsylvania's outstanding game officer. In the course of his service he has seen just about every misdemeanor and felony man can commit against deer and heard some very ingenious excuses and explanations for doing so. Generally he feels things are get-

continued

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POTTER COUNTY

continued

ting worse. "The quality of the hunter is definitely deteriorating," he says. "There are very few persons today who are willing and able to put on an all-day drive, which is a good way to hunt and good exercise. Each year they seem to stay closer and closer to the roads. A number of them are all too willing to commit a violation. They do things up here they'd never do at home, and, Jeepsers Jenny, we only catch a few of them. As far as I'm concerned it's part of the overall disrespect for authority and all forms of law enforcement—that, and that people are forgetting good hunting traditions."

ODO

There is another absolutely essential, if presumably involuntary, participant in the Deer Hunt, *Odocoileus virginianus*, the white-tail. Generally we think about the animal in a composite way, in terms of population, age structures and curves, average annual consumption of food, reproduction, growth and mortality rates, the dynamics of the herd. However, it is well to remember that a "herd of deer" exists only in the same sense that the "upper middle class" exists. It is an abstraction, a convenient way of dealing with a large group of somewhat similar creatures, each of which, by reason of genetic and existential distinctions, is as unique as, say, John Raffensperger, Convin Sam and Dick Curfman are unique.

Consider, so far as it is possible, one of these unique individuals of another species, who is in Potter County on Opening Day. Call him Odo for short. Most obviously he is set apart from his kind by reason of his size and condition, being a buck of some 160 pounds, carrying a rack with a 20-inch spread and 12 points. He may be a 5-year-old, and if so has reached an extraordinary age, not in terms of the natural life-span of the species, which is up to 20 years, but in terms of bucks in Potter County, where about 75% of all antlered deer are killed each year during the hunting season. Odo may well be one of the very last of his class of several thousand male fawns born in the spring of 1972.

The presumption is that he was born close to where he is on this Opening Day, in the valley of Bailey Run in southern Potter County. Deer are not great travelers, and Odo probably spent most of his five years in the same square mile, following like an unadventurous commuter the same trails he found and made as a yearling, traveling them for purposes of foraging half a bushel or so a day of hemlock, tamarack, cherry, maple, oak, blackberry, grape, blueberry, wild-rose shoots, twigs, acorn mast and apples from several abandoned orchards in his territory, as well as other aquatic and upland herbage. Again because of his condition, he has apparently fed well and been fortunate in avoiding serious infestations of tapeworms, liver flukes, lung worms, botflies, ticks and mites. He may have survived and prospered simply by chance, or perhaps because of some mysterious superiority of the eye, nose, muscles, glands or brain.

It is likely that he has bred several, perhaps half a dozen, does each of the past three autumns. If so, he has ferociously fought for their favors against other bucks, probably successfully, given his strength and size. Early on the morning of Opening Day he is with a doe, perhaps one he

had mated with the previous month. However, by Thanksgiving weekend the great hormonal tides that aroused him during rut have subsided. His once tawny coat has turned darker and the narrow ridge of bone below the coronet of his antlers has begun to be absorbed, preparatory to the dropping of the rack. His reasons for being with the doe are other than reproduction. They may be together for companionship or security or communal pleasure, but this is sheer speculation, because when it comes to intraspecific behavior, we are knowledgeable only about the grovtest relationships.

Odo and the doe have been nibbling, seeking shelter from the snow in a grove of hemlocks in which they normally spend the daylight hours. However, this is an unsettling morning, with the sound of gunfire and disturbing scents in the woods. To escape the alarms the doe leaves the thicket and starts up a transridge trail. Odo follows. When he comes into the open he halts, testing the air, apparently trying to locate and identify a strong and suspicious foreign scent. In that second or so there is a roar from a rifle, and almost simultaneously a bullet from a .30-06 Ruger smashes into his chest.

What does he feel? Again this cannot be precisely documented, but because Odo is a mammal with a highly developed nervous system, he probably feels much as the man who pulled the trigger would if by some chance the buck were to gore him through the chest with an antler. From testimony of our own kind who have suffered and survived somewhat comparable experiences, there is a sensation of ripping and tearing as the bullet shatters bone and muscle, then terrible burning pain in the destroyed lungs. In agony and shock Odo makes a final instinctive lunge, but the marvelous legs can no longer carry him through the woods at 40 mph. The wound is too severe. He drops on the spot and dies in the snow above Bailey Run.

From that moment on, by custom and law, Odo, or at least his carcass, belongs to Robert Stahlman, a 31-year-old steelworker from Warren, Ohio, who fired the Ruger. Stahlman is immediately aware of, and ecstatic about, the size of this buck. After tagging and gutting the body he takes it to Dennis Goodenough's sporting-goods store in Coudersport, which is the official headquarters of the annual Potter County Big Buck contest. Eventually Stahlman and Odo win it. The rack scores 32 trophy points (on the basis of antler size and spread). When the season is concluded, Odo is certified as being the best buck shot in Potter County. While the measurements are being made, the carcass hangs outside Goodenough's store, and Stahlman hangs around inside accepting congratulations, smiling and basking with pride.

"I'd have been happy with anything," he says, "even a spoke. When I saw that monster I couldn't believe it. When he went down it was like the big moment in my life, like winning some big game. I never thought anything like that would happen to me. I just thanked God for that buck and that I was there and got that shot."

"I guess you felt like God had smiled on you in God's Country."

"Right—that's just how it was."

END

1818

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Yesterday

by MAURY KLEIN

KEANEY INVENTED THE FAST BREAK AND RHODE ISLAND MADE THE BIG TIME

By an extraordinary coincidence, the field of the 1978 NCAA basketball championship tournament included schools which were once coached by four of the men who have done the most to shape the modern game: Kansas, Kentucky, UCLA and Rhode Island.

Rhode Island mentioned in the same breath as three superpowers of modern basketball? Even the casual fan is at least acquainted with the legends of Phog Allen, Adolph Rupp and John Wooden. But who, he might ask, was Frank W. Keane? Well, Keane of Rhode Island probably did more than any other coach to transform basketball into a running game emphasizing speed and stamina. It was Keane who originated the fast break, which revolutionized the game of basketball as much as the forward pass changed football.

In 28 years at Rhode Island, Keane

had a 403-124 record, but those numbers scarcely measure his achievement. He turned a game of patterned plodding into 40 minutes of frenzied excitement while overflow crowds howled their approval. In an era when most teams scored barely 40 or 50 points a game, Rhode Island averaged nearly 80. In 1939 the Rams routed the University of Miami 100-56, and a year later they romped over Connecticut 102-81 in what was at the time the highest scoring college game ever played.

"Our win-loss record wasn't what drew people," says Earl Shannon, a Rhode Island star in the early '60s. "It was our two points a minute." Rodman Gym was packed for every home game, and the Rams filled rival arenas as well. In 1940 they drew 15,590 in their Madison Square Garden debut and they attracted 18,341 when they returned to New York to play in the National Invitational Tournament.

A portly, wide-faced Irishman, Keane belonged to the old-fashioned school of coaching that stressed character over technique. "My psychology of it is that you've got to feel victory to win," he declared.

"As far as techniques of the game, he was probably the worst coach I ever had," says Ernie Calverley, who played for Keane from 1942 to 1946 and was his most celebrated player, still renowned for his 58-foot shot against Bowling Green in the 1946 NIT quarterfinals. "But as far as being able to psych the team up for games, he was super. He had a great way with all his players, from substitutes to stars."

Keane also had a restless imagination and a flair for showmanship. The fast break was only the most spectacular product of his maverick genius; there was a touch of originality in everything he did. A native of Boston, Keane graduated from Bates in 1911 as a Phi Beta Kappa. He played professional baseball and coached high school sports before Rhode

Island hired him in 1920 as athletic director, coach and chemistry instructor. He worked hard, coaching several sports at the small state college and using his chemistry laboratory to concoct liniment and athlete's foot preparations. He even produced a light-blue dye, known as "Keane blue," which replaced the school's official color, royal blue, on team uniforms.

In football, basketball and baseball Keane's teams lacked size and numbers. "We had so few people on the football team," recalls Boh Lepper, who played in the '30s, "that the right side of the line had to scrimmage against the left side." To compensate, Keane stressed conditioning, seeking both to outlast opponents and to minimize injuries. His players were expected to play every minute of the game. "You aren't in shape unless you can run around the bases, stand on home plate and whistle Yankee Doodle," he informed the baseball team. To the injured he proclaimed, "You can't be hurt at Rhode Island; it's against the rules."

While stamina kept his outnumbered players in the game, Keane's ingenuity made them winners. Impatient with the conservative style of play then in fashion, he searched for ways to open up the games. His baseball teams ran opponents dizzy. In football he was one of the first to use the double-wing, running it with double and triple laterals that flabbergasted coaches who regarded a thrown football with the same apprehension they would a live grenade. The fast break was the logical extension of this impulse to basketball.

Keane installed an offense geared to quick passes after each center jump or rebound. To verify his premise that "if we shoot more, we'll make more," he kept careful charts of all shots taken. His 1928-29 team (15-1, 41 points a game) was the first to earn fame as a "point a minute" team, an average that rose steadily in succeeding years. When the center jump after each basket was eliminated in 1937, Keane unleashed the fast break in earnest, and Rhode Island's 1937-38 team raced to a 19-2 record while averaging a national-record 67.3 points a game.

The system was deceptively simple. Rhode Island came out with a full-court man-to-man press and stayed in it the

continued





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YESTERDAY continued

whole game. "A 40-minute press all over the floor was unheard of in those days," says Calverley. "He never played zone, never changed defense. The idea was to have his team in first-class condition and wear out the opposition. We didn't take time-outs. When the other team did, he didn't allow us to sit down."

Whenever a Ram player got his hands on the ball after an opponent's basket or in the back court, he heaved a long pass to a breaking teammate. "The idea was to beat them down the floor in numbers," Calverley adds. That was the offense, everything else was improvisation. "We had no patterns or set plays," Shannon says. "We just got the ball down fast. Keaney's theory was that if you shoot more times and maintain the same average, you win games. It was organized disorganization."

Keaney did more than do away with the traditional pattern offense and zone defense. The fast break also obliged his players to abandon the two-handed shot. "We had to shoot one-handed, on the run," Calverley recalls. "He used to say, 'Hey, if the music plays faster, you dance faster.'"

Practices consisted of conditioning exercises, scrimmages, free throws, layups and drills in throwing the ball the length of the floor. The Rams also were taught not to dribble. "He hated the dribble, absolutely hated it," Shannon says. "He'd say, 'What are you trying to do, prove there's air in the ball?'" Even in practice his love of the unorthodox surfaced. When his team shot poorly, Keaney installed 15-inch rims inside the regulation 18-inch hoops to sharpen their eye. To prepare them for smoke-filled arenas like the Garden, he filled the Rodman Gym with smudge pots burning the foulest tobacco he could find.

Most teams wilted in the face of the Rhode Island break. Unaccustomed to constant pressure and unable to stand the pace, some resorted to stalling, which brought out the showman in Keaney. Once, when Tufts tried to stall, Keaney dished onto a star landing and fed Rhode Island students in the school song. Maine, trailing by six points, tried to counter the break with a tight zone. Keaney responded by having four of his players read newspapers while the fifth held the ball. When Brown used the same stalling tactic, Keaney ordered Calverley to inter-

continued



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YESTERDAY continued

ally sat on the ball for the last eight minutes of the half. At halftime Keaney charged up to the Brown coach and barked, "You're ruining the game of basketball. You're behind and are supposed to force the issue. You're content to lose. Sorry, you're a born loser!"

Few schools dared to run with the Rams. Teams could beat Rhode Island by slowing the tempo and controlling the boards, but even with superior ability that was never easy. Though the Rams often lacked the talent and depth of their rivals, Keaney took them to four NIT tournaments. In 1946 they even reached the finals, losing to mighty Kentucky by a single point. Against stronger teams the fast break served as an equalizer, a strategy for keeping Rhode Island in even the toughest games. "He won many games he had no license to win," observes Dr. Harold Browning, a former Rhode Island dean.

Keaney's blitzkrieg approach to the game sometimes got his teams in foul trouble. In one game, in which the Rams were left with four players, he shoved a chair onto the floor and told a startled official, "Here's my fifth player. Let's get on with the game." In an NIT game against DePaul, he sent Mike Santoro, a 5' 4" forward, to jump over against 6' 9½" George Mikan. Predictably, rival coaches were not always amused by these antics. Some regarded Keaney as a heretic. Others resented him because, as Shannon suggests, "I don't think he was averse to running it up, to maintain our scoring average."

In reply, Keaney, at a luncheon in New York, advised his fellow coaches to "give the crowds action. If some coach puts up a screwy defense, use a screw-offense. Then if you lose, pivot and go home." To critics of his style he said simply, "We don't say we're right, but you have to stop us."

Keaney retired in 1947, leaving an imprint on the game that, curiously, went largely unrecognized. It was not until 1960, seven years before his death, that Keaney's contribution was formally acknowledged by his election to the Basketball Hall of Fame. In personal terms he gave his players what he gave basketball itself: Earl Shannon put it best. "As a motivator he was way ahead of his time. He made it fun to play the game."

END



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SI is published weekly except for a double issue at year end and occasional special issues.

PENN STATE'S NUMBER

Sir:

I have just read John Underwood's account of the Penn State-Maryland game (*A Lionized Defense*, Nov. 13), and I loved it. Seeing the game on TV was great, but reading the article was even better. Long live Penn State Coach Joe Paterno!

ERIC RIDDLE
Boca Raton, Fla.

Sir:

If Penn State does not finish the season undefeated and/or national champ, I will never forgive SI for putting Quarterback Chuck Fusina on the cover.

DOUG BENNING
Waukegan, Ill.

Sir:

SI readers are familiar with the supposed SI cover jinx. I always maintained that this phenomenon was more coincidence than anything else. And now, for me, anyway, the jinx has been put to rest with the Nov. 13

issue. After Chuck Fusina graced your cover, and after Nebraska upset Oklahoma, Penn State was elevated to No. 1 in both polls!

MICHAEL LESTER
Horsesham, Pa.

Sir:

John Underwood's article on the Nitany Lions includes the question "How good is Penn State?" The answer is: Not good enough to beat Alabama!

BILL SPIVEY
Inverness, Fla.

THE COWBOYS' CHANCES

Sir:

What? Doomsday for Dallas (*It Could Be Doomsday for Dallas*, Nov. 13)? The Cowboys are having troubles, sure, but it's nothing new to see them lose four games. They've done it before and still ended up in the Super Bowl. Come Jan. 21, I think you'll see some old friends in the Super Bowl.

BRYAN SHANER
Fairmont, W. Va.

Sir:

The Dallas Cowboys put it all together against the Green Bay Packers in Milwaukee on Nov. 12 and looked like the world champions they are!

KEVIN KELZ
Laramie, Wyo.

Sir:

Although we remain optimistic about the Cowboys' chances this season, we would like to remind everyone that what has been predicted for them—a fifth Super Bowl appearance and a third Super Bowl victory—has yet to be accomplished by any team in the NFL.

MONICA DEL DI CA
FRED CASERTA
Bethpage, N.Y.

DOWN-HOME FLAVOR

Sir:

Sam Moses always captures the down-home flavor of the Grand National Championship circuit. His most recent effort on

continued

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14 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one Vantage.

11 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one Merit.

11 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one Kent Golden Lights.

6 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one True.

The tar and nicotine content per cigarette of selected brands was:

	tar mg.		nicotine mg.	
Vantage	11	0.8		
Merit	8	0.6		
Kent Golden Lights	8	0.7		
True	5	0.4		
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1		
Carlton Menthol	less than	1	0.1	
Carlton Box	less than	0.5	0.05	

This same report confirms of all brands, Carlton Box to be lowest with less than 0.5 mg. tar and 0.05 mg. nicotine.



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15TH HOLE *continued*

Cale Yarborough (Nice Meetin' Ya, the Name's Cale, Nov. 6) was, by far, his finest.
Rick Kocks
Columbus, Ohio

KENTUCKY'S KOVACH

Sir:
Your article on Kentucky's Jim Kovach (What's Up, Doc? Nearly Too Much, Nov. 13) provoked much thought on my part. Kovach is a remarkable individual. Moreover, simultaneously attending medical school and participating in big-time college football is quite an undertaking. However, what got me is that Kovach is also married and has a youngster. If he spends up to 20 hours a day on his two major involvements—med school and football—how can he possibly have enough time to spend with his young son, not to mention his wife? Is all this personal glory and recognition worth it? I, for one, don't think so.

MARTY TARAGANO
Bardonia, N.Y.

Sir:
Jim Kovach's determination and Kentucky Coach Fran Curcio's understanding are only two of many reasons why Commonwealth Stadium is always filled with 58,000 fans, whether Kentucky wins or loses.

FRED L. CRAIG
Ashland, Ky.

LOSING STREAK

Sir:
We at Macalester College are not the vicious intellectual snobs you made us out to be (The Scots Get Scotchd, Nov. 13). As a recent graduate, I am pleased with the notoriety the school has attained, but more than that, I'm proud of the education Macalester gave me. Macalester offers one the opportunity to challenge oneself, emphasizing the process rather than the outcome, whatever the game. With its wisdom and sense of humor, Macalester remains "the best of all possible worlds."

MARY JEANNE LEE
Minneapolis

Sir:
The people at Macalester who have been rooting against our football team do not deserve to be called fans. As a real fan, I resent their failure to appreciate the team's courage and tenacity. Not all of us are nihilists.

JOEY BLANCH WHEELER
St. Paul

FOR ROSE

Sir:
In reference to E. M. Swift's article on Pete Rose (Rose Might Not Be Red Anyway, Nov. 6), I think the Reds are making a mistake in not reaching an agreement with him. Sooner or later the Reds will have to change their thinking about free agents if they are to remain in contention with the rest of the league.

CARLOS ZAMORA
Miami
continued

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FOR KICKS

Sir
Regarding your article *Kick It or Get Booted* (Nov. 13), I can't understand why those NFL teams suffering from kicking deficiencies haven't contacted George Blanda. His "retirement" a few years ago was premature. He wasn't getting older, he was getting better!

RONALD G. JOHNSON
Marietta, Ohio

MARATHON

Sir
When reader Philip McKeon (19TH HOLE, Nov. 13) wonders how many people are interested in a story on the New York City Marathon, he shows himself to be unaware of certain facts: New York's two professional baseball teams drew some 3.3 million fans to 161 home games. The New York City Marathon drew an estimated two million spectators in a single day! Turn off your TV and look out the window, McKeon. You'll find out what interests America.

ROSS DECKER
Tomberville, N.Y.

NOMINATIONS (CONT.)

Sir
In less than two years Ron Gaudry has risen from a country boy struggling in the Yan-

kee farm system to major league baseball's premier pitcher. A 25-3 record, a 1.74 earned run average and 248 strikeouts are truly remarkable. No other athlete expresses near perfection as well as Gaudry. That is why he is my choice for Sportsman of the Year.

JOHN SANTALUCIA
Williamsville, N.Y.

Sir:
Jim Rice

TED COSLAN
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sir
Joe Pinerno

NELSON TRANGLAH
KEITH S. LAWRENCE
Lewistown, Pa.

Sir
Lonny Wilkens

DAVID HINSHBERG
Dayton

Sir
Wes Unseld

TED SMITH
Mercersburg, Pa.

Sir
Cale Yarborough

KEITH KATZMAN SMITH
Miami

Sir
Nancy Lopez

MARY ANN PAGAN
Fremont, Calif.

Sir
As William Leggett stated so well in his account of Exceller's victory in the Jockey Club Gold Cup (*Exceller Exceeds Himself*, Oct. 23), "Big Shoemaker. What is there left to say about him? At 47 and in his 30th year as a jockey, he seems to be getting better with each furlong pole he paws."

BERT FRIMBLE
Alamo, Calif.

Sir
Speed Skater Eric Heiden

SEAN ESPERAN
Kjensrud, Norway

Sir
Henry Roto

ALBERT CILONI
New York City

NORTHWESTERN WOMEN

Sir
Jerry Karsenbaum's article on Northwestern (*Waa-Mu? Waa-Who?*, Oct. 30) was written with a great deal of insight into the problems of athletics at our institution. But I think it is unfortunate that the piece failed to stress

continued

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BE CHOOSEY

one of the more positive aspects of sports at NL—the success of the women's program. The women's fencing team, for example, went undefeated at dual-meet competition in 1977. It also won the Big Ten championship for the last two years and qualified for the National Intercollegiate Women's Fencing Association nationals in 1977, placing 13th, and in 1978, when they placed 12th. Clearly, not all is negative at Northwestern.

LEONARD SCHILLER
Fencing Coach
Northwestern University
Evanston, Ill.

So

I would like to add a name to the list of famed athletes who attended Northwestern back when NL was more athletically inclined. The name belongs to the first U.S. Olympic gold medalist in women's track and field. The "fastest lady runner" in 1928, she won the women's 100-meter dash in 12.2. She received another gold in the women's 400-meter relay in 1936, despite having suffered a near-crushing injury in a plane crash at the interim. She is in the record books as Elizabeth Robinson and is my mother, Betty Schwartz.

JANE R. S. HAMILTON
Novato, Calif.

KING SALMON

Sir

Michael Baughman's article on Chinook salmon fishing (*Get the Food Out of Your Lane*, Oct. 23) was especially interesting to me because our family owns a cabin on the upper Rogue River. Upstream from us, the Rogue sweeps broadly almost boringly, at a calm, uniform depth of 18 inches or 36 inches or 72 inches, depending on the season and recent rainfall or snowmelt. Downstream, the river tumbles and boils in a confusion of white water too swift and rocky to serve as more than brief passage for fisher and fisher.

But in front of our cabin the Rogue is perfect. We can stand in knee-deep water and have access to all sweet spots with the lightest tackle. One can hook a Chinook with a red ant on an eight-pound leader, and fight it carefully, achingly for two hours until the exhausted fish lies atop the water, and still, during the attempt to bank the salmon for touching, dragging and release, have him break the leader. What does man know of sport?

Enough of this. My purpose in writing was simply to notify Baughman that upriver spawning areas on the Rogue are closed to bait, lure and weighted-fly fishing during most of the spawning season.

Incidentally, a new dam is across the Rogue now, 30 miles upstream from us. High water may never endanger our cabin again. But likely I've noticed sand in the riffle, where sand never is. Paradise being lost?

FRANK LONG
Phoenix, Ore.

STARGELL'S RBI's

Sir

My sons Stephen and David and I, Private fans all, were scanning the final National League batting statistics recently and were struck by the efficiency of Willie Stargell's run production. Stargell finished with 97 RBIs in just 190 at bats, a ratio of one RBI for every four at bats. By comparison, the other top National League RBI men were much less efficient: Dave Parker (17-58), Steve Garvey (13-69), Dave Winfield (97-587), Jack Clark (98-992), Greg Luzenski (101-540), George Foster (129-664). Only Reggie Smith (97-447) was close to Stargell, but he took 57 more at bats to accumulate four fewer RBIs.

HELEN KLOTZ
Richmond

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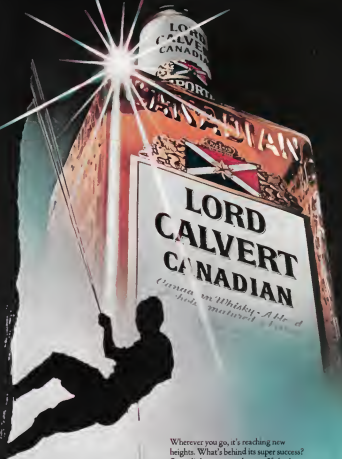
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